

## Ideal Illusion

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## Ideal Illusion

by [aimlesscalamity](#)

### Summary

It started out as a good laugh, nothing more.

The stories Dream would read with Sapnap and George were so farfetched, it was truly hysterical.

But some of them were ok, some of them were almost genuine, and some of them left Dream feeling lost between reality and fiction.

The line between existence and illusion becomes blurred; when it comes to Sapnap and George, Dream isn't sure where his fictional desires end and his authentic feelings begin.

(Basically Dream likes the fanfiction about him and his friends too much, complications ensue)

### Notes

Guys this is a first for me, I have no idea what I'm doing. Here's hoping it's not complete dogshit :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## it wasn't fine

### Chapter Summary

Dream starts showing an interest in the stories written about himself and his friends. It's just reading though, nothing to worry about.

It was a slow process, Dream had been reading through random online stories about the three of them with George and Sapnap for months. Most of it was crudely written and far-fetched but it was almost always a good laugh, when the trio were bored and too worn out to invest any energy in their usual gaming shenanigans they would settle for this relaxed form of entertainment instead.

Usually it was late in the evening, when Sapnap and Dream couldn't find the urge to do anything productive and George who was hours ahead couldn't find it in himself to fall asleep until the early hours.

One of them would go browsing and if they found anything worthwhile they'd read through it on call together, each taking turns reading out loud for the other two to listen to.

Sometimes they'd choose someone to be the narrator and they'd read their own lines, falling into fits of laughter at the absurdity of the things their personas said in these stories. Not being able to help themselves, they'd make teasing jabs at each other by quoting the stories and jokingly calling each other by the appointed pet names in the sultry tones they had been reading about in the most mocking manner possible, unavoidable laughter always followed suit.

The more raunchy content was always the safest bet for good entertainment. It had been strange the first few times but they'd become so used to it that nothing truly shocked them anymore, although some of the more absurd tropes always had them wheezing from surprise for several minutes before they were able to continue with their reading.

All had been well, none of them had questioned their group activities, all defining it as a bit of fun. For Dream however things started to shift when they stumbled upon a story that was particularly well written, it wasn't as implausible as some of the stuff they'd read before, it was definitely still unthinkable but the way their personas were written was almost convincing... Upon deciding that that was enough for one night, the trio had called it quits and ended their call, it was dangerously close to sunrise in the UK and George still had some semblance of a sleep schedule to maintain.

Dream however hadn't gone to sleep, instead he had clicked back onto his web browser and continued reading. He was hesitant without the presence of the other two to supply his reading with commentary that poked fun, but his ever growing interest had been piqued and curiosity got the better of him.

Something about the way this counterfeit George had whispered those tempting words made him wonder if the Brit truly would lean over him that way, press into him as the words said he would. The idea of his breath fanning against Dream's neck, the hushed tone and suggestive words continued to rattle around in his head for hours after he'd first read them.

The same could be said for the way that the fictional Sapnap had held him, his rough hands grasping tightly at his hips as his own rocked against them, supposedly eliciting noises that pleaded for more.

The first night Dream had gone back to the stories he had hastily shut off his phone, feeling almost ashamed. A few days later he had given himself time to rationalise and he opened the tab on his

browser once more, starting from the beginning and reading over the same paragraph again and again, and then some more.

The story hadn't been long, in a very short amount of time he had read it, even with all the time he had spent lingering on specific segments that sparked a thought within him. Over time he became accustomed to reading without Sapnap and George, when he found the right story it felt like they were there with him anyway. He began reading more often, he continued to read the more ridiculous ones with the other two but he spent more and more time on his own, completely absorbed in these written scenes he'd play out with his best friends.

There were nights when he felt guilty, when he felt weirded out by his actions but by morning he had always reasoned with himself; he never did anything, it was just reading.  
It was a slow process.

Somehow the boat hadn't been rocked all that much, for Sapnap and George at least nothing had changed. Dream hadn't mentioned anything to either of them. Deep down he knew it was perhaps a little strange that he had taken such a liking to the feeling elicited by these explicit stories written about him and his closest friends. But any thoughts or feelings of guilt were suppressed as soon as they made an appearance, as long he didn't act on anything everything would be fine. Right?

At some point though something had to come along, something had to cause a ruckus, and something did.

It was early in the evening when the notification popped up on his phone, everything always happened in the evening. Dream was sitting at his desk editing a video he'd had in the works for awhile that he hadn't come around to sorting out, up until then. His blinds were closed to prevent the piercing evening sun from blinding him but slithers of lights still forced their way into his room, casting illuminated lines across his desk where his phone had started buzzing away. He tore his eyes away from his monitor long enough to see that it was a series of snapchat notifications from George to their DreamTeam group chat. With a smile he took yet another break from editing and reached for his phone, unlocking the screen and opening the messages.

Gogy:

GUYS

I need help

Dream grinned as he typed back a quick response offering his aid, in the meantime Sapnap had made an appearance as well, it wasn't uncommon for the Brit to demand help from them. This was never an issue, Dream was always happy to help.

George went on to explain that he'd been texting a girl from the UK, this wasn't a surprise to Dream, George had mentioned her before but he'd never thought much more of it.

Gogy:

She sent me a pic

What do I send back??

Sap:

POG

George proceeded to bombard them with panicked messages, much to Dreams entertainment.

Dre:  
Send her a pic George  
It's not hard

Sap:  
maybe thats his problem

Gogy:  
STFU sarnap  
What do I send her tho??

Sap:  
u want me to show u what to send?

Gogy:  
Please

Sap has sent a snap

Dream inhaled sharply as he opened the snap, he mostly expected something that would mock George, instead Dream's eyes landed on a genuine photo of Sarnap. He shouldn't have been surprised. Sarnap was standing in front of a wall mirror with his phone held up to his right, the smirk that was painted across his face felt like it was all too knowing. His other hand was holding up his shirt near his chest, revealing the trail of hair that lead from his naval to where his boxers were slung low on his hips. It was nothing horribly over the top but the image in itself of Sarnap staring so deliberately at the camera was causing images to fly around in Dream's head, as he swiped the image off his screen after having stared at it for too long he let out a sigh of relief, his stomach was in knots. This felt scarily similar to something he had read only a few days ago and the memories of what had followed suit were still strong in his mind.

Mindlessly he brought his thumb up to his lips so could chew on it nervously. A rousing feeling was creeping through him and just as it was beginning to pass, forcing the image of Sarnap out of his head, a snap from George appeared in the group as well. This time he was prepared and all the more hesitant, but he had to see.

Once again Dream stopped breathing. The text across the image said "how's this?".

Dream had seen George biting his lip before, it was nothing new, the stans made sure of that. But the blush that covered his face along with the bashful look was a complete contradiction to the way his hand was held confidently at the edge of his pants, thumb sneaking just under the edge and dragging the fabric down just that little bit lower.

Before any more thoughts could cross his mind, Dream let out a small high-pitched noise. Surprising himself at his own reaction he hastily closed the snap, although not before glancing back at George's flushed face that seemed to be seeing right through him, seeing through his phone screen and into Dream's mind where all these disgusting thoughts of his friends were plaguing him. Something was wrong with him, he shouldn't be thinking like this. These were his friends, and they were helping each other out, this was perfectly normal and friendly, what on earth was he thinking.

He shut off his phone without waiting to see what the other two were going to say next. George didn't need his help with this, Sarnap was handling it just fine, Sarnap was always fine. He cursed himself once more. He'd been reading too much, decidedly.

That was it, he wasn't going to read anymore, he shouldn't have been reading these stories on his own anyway. It was fine when it was the three of them because it was all just a bit of fun! A good

laugh! Whatever possessed him to read such graphic things about himself and his friends, his Best friends, was going too far now. He had to put an end to it before it took any more of a toll on his real life interactions.

That's it, this is what he needs to do to get rid of these misplaced thoughts. Yes, this is fine.

Except it wasn't fine.

## he didn't want to know

### Chapter Summary

Wouldn't it be nice if some things could just stay hidden.

### Chapter Notes

Things get a little more explicit in this chapter.

Update, still have no idea what I'm doing!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dreams absence hadn't been noted as he later remarked, when he turned on his phone again nothing was amiss, a few messages from his friends inviting him to play on the server but ultimately everything was fine.

A few days later Dream had found himself in another predicament, Sapnap had messaged their group in the middle of the night with complaints of boredom. George had messaged back immediately, not being able to sleep and that was how they found each other on another late night call, browsing the preferred website for something to read and entertain them in the unproductive hours. Dream was hunched at his desk scrolling nervously and glancing at all the familiar titles when Sapnap joyfully announced a suitable find.

He clicked on the link sent to their discord group chat and much to his shame Dream was very familiar with this story. He had read it just last night.

The recent memory was one that was weighing on him a little, or a lot. The story was about him and Sapnap, he'd like to say that he stumbled across it accidentally but he hadn't, he'd gone looking purposefully. Dream had discovered quite quickly that tags were easy to navigate and when he finally closed his browser at the end of the night he was always left feeling satisfied with what he'd discovered, except when he wasn't.

The tale in question had really got to him last night, by the end of it he was left flushed and a little breathless, and very definitely refusing to acknowledge the neglected bulge in his sweats. It had happened to him a few times now, even if he liked to pretend it didn't. Sometimes the words just got to him a little too much; the wicked smile George would throw at him through the screen causing a gentle stirring in his lower region that he'd leave unattended.

Most nights he'd awkwardly crawl under his covers and stare at the ceiling until he finally wished his arousal away.

Last night however he'd given in, he'd been haunted by those snapchat photos for days, his mind just wouldn't let him banish the images from his memory. Feeling weak he'd gone back to a paragraph that he'd liked a little too much; Sapnap had been staring down at him with a sly smirk, the same smirk he'd seen in that momentous photo. Dream had let out a sigh of frustration, this time it just wasn't going away. With a defeated groan he'd pulled his palms away from the place where they pressed against his eyes, and lightly rested them on his hips instead.

He'd left them there for some time, gently grazing the skin under his t-shirt, rubbing small circles over his hipbone before tentatively reaching under his boxers and grasping at his member. He

whined quietly at the touch, he hadn't allowed himself to do this for too long.

He closed his eyes as he began gently fisting at his swollen prick, the precum that had leaked from the tip supplying him with just enough slick. He imagined Sapnap leaning over him with a cunning glint in his eye, he tugged at his member just that little bit harder and imagined that instead of his hand it was George's. George who would know exactly how to flick his wrist in the perfect way all while blushing meekly at the murmurs of praise Sapnap and Dream would whisper to him.

At the thought of George gingerly leaning down to lick at the tip, spunk escaped through his fingers and dribbled down his hand, with a silent cry Dream came into his fist.

He didn't know how long he stayed like that, just lying there covered in his own grossness. It was too late to shower so he settled for moping himself up with tissues instead, as he did so he began to feel guilty. Dream couldn't believe he'd just done that, he'd just jerked off to his friends, worse than that he'd fantasized about them.

He didn't sleep much that night, and when he did he woke up feeling just as disgusting as he had when he'd gone to sleep.

Thinking back on last night's activities, this must've been karma.

"Sapnap shoved Dream onto the edge of the bed, standing above him and caressing his cheek, tilting his chin up to look him in the eye." George narrated, wheezing at Sapnap's commentary in the background.

This was most definitely karma.

Dream was zoning out, he knew he was. He'd reasoned with himself that it would be over with soon, all he had to do was stay detached and not let his imagination run away from him. As long as he didn't wind himself up it would be fine.

"You gonna beg for me Dream?" Sapnap snorted.

Dream answered on autopilot, barely paying any attention and reciting the line from memory.

"Please Sapidaddy, I need it. I need to feel your seed inside me..."

Granted he felt his lines were a little dramatic in this, but that wasn't what mattered.

A brief silence followed Dream's words before George and Sapnap started cackling, the call being filled with breathy laughs. "Dream!" George wheezed. "Stop messing around, that's not the line!"

Dream flushed at the realization. Fuck, that was wrong, that was really really wrong. He should've been paying more attention.

He'd read this story just last night, he remembered it so clearly, he had to be more careful. He covered it up quickly with a bright laugh and uttered an apology before he cleared his throat to read what actually came next. "Not a chance shitnap."

The others laughed and continued on, George reading the narrative paragraphs with an increasing number of breaks to allow for fits of laughter at the fictional dynamic between the texan and the blond. Dream said nothing, he listened intently with the occasional chuckle to avoid suspicion but he was panicking. The cogs were turning in his head, he knows that line is correct, it was definitely in the story somewhere. But if it wasn't then that means it was going to come up later, and then they'd realise. They'd know what that meant. They'd realise he already knew the story. Shit.



Dream read ahead, desperately trying to find that one line. He needed to know how much time he had, not long. George called him out a few times because he wasn't keeping up, not paying enough attention and not reading his lines when he was supposed to. If only they knew how much attention he was paying.

"I'm actually a bit bored of this one." He chipped in suddenly. He cursed himself at the strained tone to his voice. "Maybe we should read another?" He suggested, his voice wobbling less. He knew it sounded suspicious, but he had to try something to get them to stop reading here, he could brush it off later.

"What? Why?"

"Yeah I wanna hear you begging me Dream..." Sappnap teased, his tone light and mocking as he dragged out the sound of his name with a fond lilt.

This wasn't good. "Come on it's almost finished." This was defeat.

"Ok..."

And so they continued. Dream listened with dread as George continued reading, he could hear the lewd narration but he wasn't really listening. Why would he when he could still remember what the words said; how they described the way Sappnap was bent over him, his chest pressed to his back as the raven mouthed at the back of his neck, thrusting into him at a torturously slow pace. The way his fictional self had cried out, desperate for more but refusing to give the younger man the satisfaction of begging. The image of the scene was still vivid, only heightened by the photo Sappnap had sent not that long ago, and the same twisting he'd felt creep through his body had made another appearance. He shoved down the feeling he dared not define as desire.

His breathing came to a halt as that one line appeared on his screen, and before not too long Sappnap was voicing the line just before it.

"I'll tell you again Dream, all you have to do is ask."

George narrated. "Sappnap leant back, dragging Dream along with him. He tightened his grip in the freckled blond's hair as he used it to hold him up against him in his lap, still thrusting gently, barely teasing at his prostate."

Sappnap was enjoying this too much, he read his lines with a mocking sultry tone that had George snickering. "Beg for me Dream."

There was a silence, a long torturous silence as the three of them read the following line and Dream let it sit there. He couldn't see either of their faces but he could perfectly imagine the recognition flashing across their features.

"Dream wh-"

With a trembling breath Dream cut him off. "Please Sappdaddy, I need it. I need to feel your seed inside me..." He uttered that line for the second time, this time a greater meaning behind it. He could explain this, he could explain it away so easily. If he could just speak.

"Wait, Dream?" George's confused laugh echoed through his headset. Sappnap was of course snickering manically in the background. "You've read this before?"

They must think he's so weird, this is wrong, they know it's wrong. He has to say something. He'd been reading with Wilbur, no why would he be reading with Wilbur. These stories were just too

predictable, he'd guessed. No he'd been spot on, they wouldn't believe that. He'd been looking for good content for them to read, that would work. He just had to speak.

"Dream..." George drawled. He'd been silent for too long, it was getting weirder.

"Leave him be Gogy." Sapnap announced between his uncontrollable fits of laughter. "He obviously gets off on it don't you Dream?" He wheezed.

Dream paled, was that what this was? It was, wasn't it. He was absolutely getting off on it. Sapnap was laughing at him, George was laughing too quietly, he was nervous, he must be disgusted with him. He had to say something, this had to end right now, he couldn't bear this agonising moment going on any longer.

"Of course not..." He croaked out, his voice was too quiet and on top of that it broke at the end. Even Dream didn't believe himself, there was no way the other two would be convinced by that. He was a complete pervert.

"Dre-" George's voice was cut off, just as Sapnap's quiet chuckles had gone silent, the brokenness of Dream's tone finally meeting his ears. Dream was sitting at his desk, hands clenched too tightly, he released his grip on his mouse and let his hands sit gently in front of him on his desk where they trembled uncontrollably.

He fucked that up royally.

He stared at his monitor where he could see the discord vc he'd just left, where Sapnap and George were still on call, they were probably talking about him and how gross he was for getting off on them like that. George was already messaging him to know what happened.

His headset was too tight on his head, it was constricting him. He was too warm, the room was too hot and it was too dark in here. It felt stuffy and the air was heavy, oxygen was escaping him and he felt like he was choking on it. Tears pricked at the corners of his eyes and at that realisation he ripped the headset from his ears, the violent motion causing his ears to ring as he threw the damned thing onto his keyboard, shoving his chair away from the desk as far as it could go with his force.

The chair spun a little in the center of the unlit room, he gripped at the armrest with one hand while the other pulled at his hair harshly, he squeezed his eyes tight and inhaled sharply. Even though his eyes were closed and he couldn't see anything but the red splotches that danced across his eyelids, he could feel the blackness swirling around him. It was late, there were no rays of sunshine escaping through the cracks in his blinds. No warmth radiating from outside letting him know that all was bright. His room was barely illuminated by the hazy blue from his monitor.

He opened his eyes and stared at it, he could see notification after notification popping up on his screen. He didn't want to know.

Feebly he stood from his chair and inched towards his PC, they were all messages from George and Sapnap, of course. He didn't want to know. Dejectedly he shut off the computer without closing any tabs.

It was quiet in the house, it was late, his family were all asleep. When the low whirring from his computer finally stopped, the only thing he could hear was his laboured breathing and the blood rushing through his ears.

He should've said something.

Thank you for reading! :)

Like I said for the first chapter, any feedback is amazing, god knows I need all the help I can get

## a moment of weakness

### Chapter Notes

Here's some dream x sapnap content for this chapter, it's a little longer this one too

More to come :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream could usually get away with radio silence for a few days at most. After that twitter would start acting up, and the donations his friends would receive on twitch would start asking questions. This was never really an issue; his friends always backed him up and within a few days he was back online as if nothing had happened.

This time however, Dream did not have that luxury. The careful balance that was Dream's absence relied heavily on Sapnap and George, when Dream was gone they were who the fanbase turned to. Things would be fine for a few days, after a week things would start getting a bit hectic; after this evening's stunt there was no guarantee that Sapnap and George would step in for him, the more irrational side of Dream's mind was insistent on the fact that they wouldn't be associating with him anymore.

People would take notice of the lack of Dream Team content quickly, assumptions would be made about arguments between the trio and it would all go to shit. The business side of things that was strongly impacted by his online presence would be damaged, that was something else to take into account, in a couple weeks everything that mattered to Dream could be decimated, whether it be personal or professional relations.

He'd been staring at his ceiling fan for too long. And he'd started rationalising to the point that only irrational thoughts were being produced.

One thing that was certain was that he absolutely had to talk to George and Sapnap, he had to explain himself and the longer he left it the worse it could be. No, disappearing wasn't an option. Dream thought for sure that he'd probably weirded the pair of them out, he couldn't bear the thought of what they must be thinking of him.

All he had to do was explain why he'd been so spaced out, a family issue would do the trick. And his knowledge of the story; casual browsing, it was all perfectly simple.

He was still staring up at his ceiling fan, he hadn't moved from his bed since he first laid down after his most memorable and ruinous feat from earlier. The 5 lazily rotating blades stared down at him, the faint feeling of air being wafted down and enveloping him was comforting, it helped ease him. It was a silly thing really but Dream liked his ceiling fan, the unrelenting rotation was fascinating in a way only a tired and sleep deprived person could appreciate. Something about the way the blades never failed to sustain their continuous whirling was just pleasant, usually watching the ceiling fan would have lulled Dream to sleep hours ago. The fan hadn't succeeded tonight, but instead it provided some solace to him, some things are just so perfectly consistent.

He should turn on his phone now.

Procrastinating was doing him no good, he'd barely moved an inch in hours and yet somehow he was well on his way to driving himself insane. Online presence and ceiling fans, he truly was sifting through every possible thought in his head at this point.

It was already 6am. Dream stared at his Lockscreen for a few seconds longer as he waited for his

eyes to properly adjust and see the figures clearly. He'd been staring into the darkness of his room for hours, the harsh blue light was a strain to his tired eyes, it was 6am, how did he get to this point. Before he could continue on with that thought his phone exploded with notifications. He jumped in surprise at the sudden onslaught of messages, and as he'd expected most of them were from George.

His grip on his phone tightened, and the longer he stared at the seemingly never-ending list of notifications, the more adamant he became that he couldn't do this, not right now. His shaking had ceased hours ago but now it had been renewed with just as much vigor as before. He still hadn't sorted through everything in his head yet, he didn't even know what needed to be resolved, there was just too much. He'd thought that maybe he was ready to tackle it but he most definitely wasn't.

He abandoned his phone, again.

This was starting to become a habit, this time however he was able to fall back on his family. His mom had been awake and was wandering around the kitchen aimlessly, sleep had been avoiding her as well and like her son, she'd given in and just gotten up.

By the time Dream returned to his room, not being able to handle his family for any longer, it was late in the evening. However he wasn't able to muster up the courage to turn his phone on again until 3am.

Gogy :

Dream

Where did you go?

You're not answering sap and I on disc

You ok??

Can we talk about what happened?

idk when you'll get this cause I think you turned your phone off

Just message me when you see this ok

Dream sighed as he scanned over the messages, there were a lot more texts than the ones his eyes had focused on. It seemed that George had been texting him every few hours in an attempt to get his attention, the result was dozens of messages. George wanted to talk to him, that was something at least.

Dre:

Hey

Sorry for being weird and leaving

He really didn't want to start having this conversation but he had to start somewhere, George was the easiest to tackle; they'd had fallings out before but they'd always bounced back quickly. He could only hope that that was the case now. He went to throw his phone aside but just as he did so he noticed George start typing. It was 3am, George wasn't usually awake at this time, nevermind answering him. Not when it was 8am in the UK.

Gogy:

Hey!!

It's ok shit happens  
I'm really really sorry Dream  
I told sap off after you left

Dream frowned, this wasn't what he expected.

Dre:  
Wait why?  
What did sapnap do  
Also why are you up?  
Isn't it like 8am over there

Gogy:  
Couldn't sleep  
He shouldn't have laughed at you

Dre:  
Don't see why  
Better than the alternative

Gogy :  
You know you could have told me you liked him  
I would have been cool with it

Oh. Oh this was definitely not what he expected. Realisation dawned on him, they'd interpreted his weird behaviour as him having a crush on Sapnap. He glanced up at his monitor, his PC had just booted up and it had automatically opened discord along with some tabs he hadn't closed. He could see the notifications from both Sapnap and George staring back at him.

Dre:  
How did you come to that conclusion

Gogy :  
Why else would you be reading dream x sapnap fanfiction

Dre:  
Uhh  
I was browsing  
For things for us to read

Gogy:  
It's ok dream

This was ridiculous. George should be disgusted by him, he was with himself, why couldn't George see that. How was it possible that he wasn't seeing right through him.

Gogy:  
You know I care right?

Dre:  
Yeah love you too

He didn't deserve this. Maybe it was just worth accepting that this was how things were, even if the idea of feelings hadn't even occurred to him. For the past few weeks he'd just been so completely wrapped up in the excitement of these ideas.

But this was what George and Sapnap had decided, this was the idea that they came to accept. And George was ok with it, George was supportive; at least there was that. But Sapnap... It was perfectly clear that Dream had been reading erotic fiction about him; that's why George was fine with it, because it wasn't him. What is Sapnap thinking of him right now?

Dre:

What about sap

He must be so grossed out

Gogy:

Idiot

Of course he isn't

Hes worried he hurt you

Dre:

Oh

Gogy:

Text him

You ok?

Dre:

Yeah im fine

Go sleep george

Gogy:

Yeah I will, I'll call you later so we can talk about how hot you think Sapnap is

Dre:

GEORGE

Gogy:

lol

Dream groaned, this was not ideal. It was better than the alternative but even so. He grabbed his headset from the place on his keyboard where he'd thrown it down over 24 hours ago. Leaning back in his chair he felt less tense than the last time he'd been sat in this position.

It was incredibly late, he hadn't opened his blinds all day because he'd been avoiding his room so when he arrived back he'd opened them just for the sake of it.

It was dark outside so there really wasn't any point to it but he was comforted by the small amount of light that shone into his room, the pale moonlight stretching across his floor and towards his bed, creating shadows behind him as he twirled around aimlessly in his chair.

Sapnap was online, the little green dot under his discord profile let him know that for some reason the texan was awake in the early hours as well. Discord showed that he was playing Minecraft, there was a surprise.

He scanned through the messages from Sapnap. There weren't as many as George had sent, thankfully, but the general message was much the same; are you alright? Call me.

Dream thought about it for a few moments, he let out a heavy sigh and tapped his finger against his mouse nervously a few times. He was tired, he was really really tired. But he couldn't put this off

for any longer, he'd been telling himself that since he initially abandoned their call yesterday. George had been reassuring, he always was, he was brilliant in so many ways. Perhaps it would've been easier if it had been George he'd been caught reading about.

Let's get this over with.

Dream inhaled sharply just before he pressed the call button, it rang a few times before the call was answered. "Sapnap?"

He called out tentatively.

"Dream! Hey...!" Sapnap breathed out hastily. "I'm so sorry."

Dream frowned. "Yeah George said, I still don't really get why..."

"I was a dick, I didn't realise what any of it meant until George shouted at me when you left."

Dream couldn't help but laugh at that. "He shouted at you?"

"Yeah he did." Sapnap chuckled back. "He was right though, I'm sorry it was really shitty."

This was strange, it felt like everything had been turned on its head. He should be the one apologising, not Sapnap.

"So... Can we talk about that...?" The nervousness in Sapnap's tone was only feeding into Dream's anxiety over the situation, he frowned again.

"About what?"

A small amused breath sounded in his headset before Sapnap spoke again. "About how you feel about me."

Dream inhaled sharply. "Sapnap I-" Is this really what it had come to? They both believed that he had feelings for Sapnap. He didn't though, that was what was so awful about it all. He almost wished he did.

"Sorry sorry that was too blunt." Sapnap rushed out. "I just- We should talk about this?"

He smiled at Sapnap's softness, he sounded so unsure which was a complete contradiction to his usually assertive state. As happy as Dream was that neither of his friends had been upset with him, or assumed the worst as he expected they would, he somehow felt worse that they were being so kind to him. They had it so wrong.

"You were reading about me...?"

Dream felt a blush creep across his features at the question, this was just painful. "Yeah..." Sapnap seemed ok. He was nervous, that much was obvious, but maybe it would be easier for the both of them if he just stayed as close to the truth as was acceptable.

He could hear Sapnap breathing through his headset, a shiver ran down his spine, if he ignored everything else around him and really concentrated on the quiet sound, it almost felt like Sapnap was standing right beside him.

"What was it you liked about it?"

"Sapnap..." He couldn't find it in himself to say anything else.



"I- Sorry I know, it's just..." He paused, Dream could hear him shifting around. "After you left I started thinking about it. And I got curious, so I... you know."

"I really don't."

"I went and read that story again." He rushed out. "You know the one we were reading with George, about you and me."

Dream inhaled sharply. "What? Y- What are you trying to say here Sapnap?"

"I... I thought about it. I mean it was pretty hot wasn't it?"

All the air had been sucked out of his lungs and Dream started sputtering violently. What the hell was happening right now. He stood up hastily and walked around his desk towards his window that he yanked open.

"Dream? Dream you ok?" He could hear Sapnap calling out to him from his headset that now rested around his neck. He gripped at the window ledge, eyes squeezed tight as he felt the warm breeze waft over his tensed features and brush through his hair. He coughed and pulled his mic closer towards him.

"Y-yeah I'm here..."

There was another silence as neither of them said anything.

"I was thinking about it..." Sapnap muttered, his voice sounded breathy and a little dazed. "I've been thinking a lot since you haven't said anything since yesterday."

Dream coughed a little, feeling awkward. "I know, I'm sorry I just needed to get my head straight."

"Not too straight I hope if that's the kind of thing you get off to."

"Sapnap..."

Sapnap laughed at that, genuine and light. "Yeah yeah..." Another short silence followed and Dream could hear the creak of Sappnap's chair as he shifted again. "I liked it though..."

Dream sat back down in his chair, leaning forward and crossing his arms on his desk tentatively. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. I mean I'm the only one who's seen your face right? And I just imagined what it would be like to do those things to you... the noises and the- the faces you'd make..." Sapnap breathed out.

Dream closed his eyes as he listened to the Texan's quiet words. He felt a familiar stirring and he gulped harshly as he felt heat rush to his groin. "What... what things?"

"Well I'd... kissing you for a start, I'd hold you still by grabbing at your hair, your neck... Maybe even leave a few bruises."

A small gasp escaped his lips at the sound of that same sly tone he'd only ever imagined. "Would you bite?"

A quiet chuckle echoed through his ears at the suggestion. "Yeah... I'd bite, I'd mark you up all nice and pretty Dream."

Dream moaned at the thought, his hand twitching towards his growing arousal, his hand slid under

the waistband of his sweats and he rested his hand over his bulge, cupping it and squeezing gently. He hissed quietly but he was sure Sapnap could hear the change in his breathing. A silence followed, Sapnaps hushed gasps the only sound in the silence along with Dreams own small whimper.

"Dream...?"

"Yeah?"

"If I turn on my webcam will you turn on yours?"

He wanted to see him, he wanted to see Sapnap as he said more of those things, and he wanted Sapnap to see him. "Y-yes."

Sapnap shifted again quickly turning on his webcam and positioning it on himself with his lap in sight. Dreams eyes widened at the sight and a gentle laugh erupted from his lips.

"You're already that hard?" Dream asked, his webcam finally positioned directly at him, just for Sapnap.

"Aren't you?"

He smiled back at the alluring grin that graced the younger man's features.

"You gonna let me see you Dreamie?"

"Only if you keep talking."

Sapnap was leaning forward in his chair staring intently at his screen, at Dream. He grinned happily as he finally had Dream centered on his screen, he had already released his dick from the confines of his boxers and he was tugging at his length leisurely. Dreams eyes glazed over at the sight, remembering the photo from a few days ago his eyes danced over the trail of hair that nestled neatly around Sapnaps throbbing prick.

A gentle dusting of red was painted across the noirettes cheeks, not as vibrant as the flush that covered the tan but freckled skin of Dreams own face, but even so it was ever present.

He was wearing a simple crappy t-shirt that he obviously slept in. Dreams gaze crossed over the bare thighs of the noirette on the screen in front of him, he felt a throb at the thought of the bruises he'd leave in the soft skin because of how tightly he'd grip them. He'd love to have those thighs pressed against him.

"I think you should do as you're told Dreamie." Sapnap cut in with a sly smirk.

"Oh?"

"Remove your shirt."

Dream did as he was told, smiling subtly at how predictable Sapnap was. It was warm in his room and his chest had grown flushed as well, the warmth having travelled down his neck and enveloping him whole. He slipped his hand out from underneath his briefs and pulled his shirt up and over his head, watching intently as Sapnaps eyes darted all over the screen in front of him.

"God Dream..." Sapnap murmured. "Let me see you."

Dream obliged again, a quiet moan escaping him as he pulled himself out of his sweatpants, squeezing his fingers around his member and teasing at the tip with his thumb. He smiled in satisfaction at the contented groan he elicited from Sapnap.

He began to stroke himself steadily, eyes fixated on Sapnap who stared back at him with just as much attentiveness.

"I can't believe this is happening..." Dream blurted.

"I can't believe-" He moaned. "We waited this long."

Sapnap shifted in his chair again, bringing his other hand up to pull his t-shirt away from his leaking mess. Dream stared mesmerized at the way he held the shirt up, fingers splayed across his chest in the same way he'd seen in that first photo.

"I need to thank George for shouting some sense into me..."

At that Dream groaned. George... "Me too..."

Sapnap whimpered. "God Dream... The thought of you reading those things. I hope you got off on it good."

Dream nodded. "I-I did."

"You have no idea what that does to me..."

Dream snorted "I have a pretty good idea." He thrust into his hand enthusiastically. He was glad he'd removed his shirt, the breeze coming through his window wasn't enough to put a stop to his sweating, he could feel the layer of moisture accumulating all over him, he must look such a mess. Sapnap grunted from behind the screen, if Dream thought he was disheveled then the texan truly was a glorious sight. His hair was mussed up and pushed out of his face, revealing his dark eyes that glinted with delight.

The ceiling fan was whirring and still casting shadows around the room, the light from the moon shining through the open window landed on it on each rotation. Everything felt right, this was unwavering, this was safe.

"A-Ah Sapnap." Dream bit out between the heavy gasps of air. "Fuuuck... I'm gonna cum."

"Stop touching yourself."

Dream's hands stilled suddenly, his fist squeezing at the base of his cock. His eyes widened in alarm at Sapnap's words and the toothy grin he was shooting Dream's way. "You're not going to cum until I tell you to."

"Sapnap no c'mon." He whined. "That's not fair."

Sapnap continued fisting himself, his mouth quirked upward as he panted, lips releasing a hoarse whimper at the sight of Dream's desperation that was drawn on his face so distinctly.

His prick was leaking precum, Dream could see it so clearly despite the pixelated screen between them, what he'd do to be on his knees tending to that cock.

"You gonna beg for me Dream?" Sapnap's eyes glinted mischievously, Dream cursed him, he knew exactly what he was doing.

"Sapnap please!" He groaned, he gripped his erection that little bit tighter, desperate for any friction but too enticed by Sapnap's words to do anything but what he asked of him.

"Call me Sapdaddy."

Despite his frustration, Dream wheezed with laughter. "I am Not calling you that!" He cried out between his laughs.

Sapnap pouted but he couldn't help but grin back. "You're no fun!" He whined.

"Cmon Sap I'm so close. Please..."

The Texan stared at him silently for a few painfully long moments, drinking in the image of Dream in his disheveled state. The webcam revealed Dream in all his wrecked glory for Sapnaps eyes and his eyes alone.

The hand around his member was perfectly still, encasing his throbbing arousal in a cage awaiting Sapnaps signal. The other was grasping at his bare thigh, desperately trembling at the tension throughout his body as he put off the inevitable orgasm he was hopelessly in need of.

"Sap I'll do anything, anything you ask." he bit out, eyes clenched shut.

That was an idea. "Next time I see you we'll do this again, but with you-" A sudden cry left his lips as he twisted his wrist in just the perfect way. "W-with you on your knees in front of me."

Dream whined at the idea, he liked that, he liked that a whole lot. "You g-gonna fuck my mouth with your dick Sap?" He started stroking himself steadily and at the sound of Sapnaps moans of approval he angled his hand just so and began abusing his prick with a determined touch.

"You best believe it, I'm gonna fuck your throat so hard you won't be able to breath."

Dream moaned, thrusting up into his fist as he came. He hunched over his desk, pressing his face into his arm as he stroked himself to completion.

"Dream, Dream look up for me."

After a few seconds Dream did as he was told, leaning his elbow on the desk and pushing his hair out of his face to look up at his monitor with a lazy smile.

"Gooood... you're so perfect."

A tired chuckle erupted from the blonds lips. "You gonna cum for me Sapitus Napitus?" At that Sapnap groaned, spunk spilling from his tip, fisting his prick firmly as he climaxed at the image on his monitor.

A silence of sorts followed, Sapnaps heavy breathing echoed through his mic and into Dream's ears as he gently palmed at himself as he rode out his orgasm. Neither of them said anything as they stared at each other through the screen, breaths laboured.

Dream started chuckling, and before too long he was wheezing hysterically. "Sapitus Napitus!"

"Shut upppp..." Sapnap groaned.

"You seriously came-" Another fit of laughter erupted from him.

Scowling more at himself than at Dream, Sapnap grabbed a tissue from the box next to his computer to clean himself up.

"What even was that?" Dream wheezed.

"A moment of weakness..."

Dream snorted at that and before not too long Sapnap was chuckling along with him.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks as always for reading :) heard the second hand embarrassment has been pretty bad for some of you... Oops

## **i didn't say anything**

### Chapter Notes

This took a really really long time to arrive! I'm sorry about that! I hope the winter holidays have been good for those of you who celebrated, enjoy whatever this mess is that follows! xx

The outcome of all this had surprised Dream for obvious reasons. He went through varying stages following his call with Sapnap, initially he was relieved but shortly after, he freaked out beyond all rational thought. Eventually he came around again but the panic would never be far behind. When it was dark outside and there was no light in the confines of his safe haven, not even the blue glow of his monitor from across the room, the late-night intrusive thoughts would torment him as he queried whether or not it had all been a dream.

The text Dream received from Sapnap in the morning was reassuring to no end. The Texan performed the miracle of soothing Dream's nervousness with his weirdly awkward and suggestive 'good morning' message. With some hesitation at first the blond typed back a reply and before not too long any concerns he had that veered towards regret had dissipated.

The pair talked about the previous day but simultaneously didn't. By the end of their vague text discussion a few things were clear; they were good friends, really good friends, and they cared about each other. They had both enjoyed the "interaction" they'd had and through shy but eager texts they both agreed that they were happy with the idea of continuing with similar interactions as time went on.

Dream had blushed profusely from behind the safety of his phone screen at Sapnap's teasing jabs at his expense, the younger man finding great entertainment and joy in the recent discovery that Dream thought "so highly" of him, as Sapnap had put it.

For the first time in a few days Dream agreed to join George in a call along with Sapnap. 'Agreed' maybe wasn't quite accurate; rather than hiding himself away in shame he opted this time to join them with only a little trepidation. Sapnap had yet to make an appearance and in the meantime George took advantage of the noirettes absence to casually check up on the Floridian.

"So how did that talk go?"

"Talk?"

"You know, with Sap..."

"Oh. Yeah I mean it was..." A small cough caught in Dream's throat, a blush coating his cheeks. How do you even begin to explain what it was.

George chuckled quietly. "He uh, told me a few things."

Apparently you don't. "He did?" The blond let out an awkward breathy laugh, god dammit it

Sapnap, he should've seen this coming.

A gentle laugh echoed in response. "Yeah yeah, he did. It's Sapnap what did you expect." He snickered.

"What did he...?"

"Not much!" George rushed out. "Uh well... Probably too much, but it's fine!"

Dream paused, a brief silence following as George chuckled quietly, somewhat awkwardly.

"I hope he didn't tell you anything you didn't want to know..."

"Aha well, I mean..." A bout of shame sizzled up inside him, Dream clenched his eyes behind his monitor, thankful the brunette couldn't see him. It could be worse he thought, he could be making George uncomfortable for even worse reasons, he'd been lucky, this was manageable.

"I'm happy for you though." The Brits gentle voice broke through the silence.

"George..."

"Whaddup my bitches."

And with that the conversation was over, the trio jumped back into their old ways as quickly as they could, bickering and teasing each other just as they had before the 'incident' as Dream would privately refer to it.

Had they all been face to face George and Dream would have been sending discreet glances each other's way, silently thinking back on the conversation they'd been having that ended too abruptly, and wondering if they would continue it later. They wouldn't. Both of them would be thinking about that fact for some time after.

The reason they'd organised this call (organised rather than their common unplanned call-ins) was because George had set himself up with an ambitious to-do list for the month regarding streaming and uploads. It went unsaid that an organised call felt necessary to get them all back on track after Dream's sudden absence, without explicitly naming it as what it was. The premise of recording a video provided both a disguise for their resolved conflicts and then some actual content for George.

George had coded some mod that Dream couldn't quite wrap his head around. After 20 minutes of back and forth questions and answers and very little progress towards understanding what they were actually trying to accomplish, George groaned and rolled his eyes at his increasingly dumb and annoying friends, instructing them to just "Play the damn game".

Dream did what he was told and set about with the goal in mind of trying to beat the ender dragon, George and Sapnap not far behind him, the latter getting distracted by seemingly everything and dragging the other two down with him.

"Dream honey where did you go?"

"Don't call me that." Dream laughed, spinning around in-game in search of Sapnap's gamertag with little success. In the distance he could just about see George scrambling up a weirdly generated hill in the neighboring Taiga biome.

"What? What's wrong with honey?" Sapnap whined. "Don't you like pet names darling?"

"Ew no, getting worse Sap."

"But sweetieeee!"

Dream groaned in response, this could last a while.

"You ignoring me now baby boy?"

The sound of clicking and tapping on keyboards filled the silence that followed. The noises generated from the game on their screens seemed to resonate louder. Dream said nothing this time, blush finally settling across his features, fingers jamming at his mouse harder than necessary.

"Oh so that one gets a reaction out of you..." The noirette chuckled

Dream frowned. "I didn't say anything."

"You didn't have to, baby boy."

Dream stilled, one hand loosening its grip on the mouse and the other hovering hesitantly above the keys. "Sapnap..." He muttered pointedly, they were not going down this road right now. Sapnap laughed delightedly at the blond's sudden quietness.

"I really shouldn't be here for this." George chimed in.

Sapnap's snickering increased in volume at the reminder that the older man had been there listening to his teasing. Dream bit his cheek, embarrassment welling up inside of him. "George-"

"Dreamie I think Gogy here is jealous!"

George sputtered violently through his mic, a shriek erupting from him. "I am not!"

"Aww it's okay George!" The Texan cooed between his laughs. "You can have a pet name too if you want!"

"This is ridiculous..."

"Well I'm gonna have to edit this part out..." The Brit sighed in defeat.

"Sorry George." Dream muttered, his unease surging due to Sapnap's lack of remorse as the younger man continued to snicker to himself.

George exhaled, "Eh, it's alright." His player appeared from behind the nearby grove of trees in-game and ran up to Dream, at some point while Dream had been temporarily distracted George had found his way back towards him. He watched the square figure curiously, the glasses on his skin were still so dumb. Dream jumped unexpectedly as George punched him in-game silently only to run off in the direction he'd come from again. What the hell was that about.

George decided that he didn't have enough content for an entertaining video, after a few hours of struggling to manoeuvre around the world the trio called it quits. They stayed on call for some time afterwards, discussing the logistics of doing a stream with the mod instead, although modifying a few elements for better content.



Shortly after Dream disconnected from the call, a sigh of relief escaped him as he deflated in his chair. He felt tired, he definitely felt more at ease and perhaps even a little energized but he was tired all the same.

It had been a long time in retrospect, since he'd felt almost entirely relaxed, and almost devoid of guilt. He'd been hiding his dirty pleasures from his friends for so long, he felt such a brilliant rush at the fact that a small ounce of that weight had been lifted, and that it had been received with such an eager enthusiasm, at least from Sapnap.

George had been accepting too, Dream was glad of that. He speculated that he was probably slightly put off by Sapnap's boldness and lack of filter; thinking back on it, Dream cringed at the idea of whatever Sapnap could have overshared; George gave him the impression that the younger man had probably said more than Dream himself would have even dreamt of revealing. It crossed his mind that George might have been grossed out by the things he heard, the things he heard about Dream. That thought left a bitter taste in his mouth, his throat feeling tight.

Sapnap was a good friend, and he didn't mind the things Dream thought about him; he'd been lucky there, more than lucky even.

George was equally a good friend, but the churning in his stomach reminded him of the doubt he had that the brunette would be as forgiving. It would be easier to lose George, he'd be too disturbed by Dream's tendencies, by his fantasies...

Dream was in the wrong to relax, he didn't deserve to get off this easily. If Sapnap knew the full extent of it all there would be no chance that he'd stand by him; what would he think of Dream wanting them both?

Glancing up at his screen, the other two were still on call together. His knuckles rapped anxiously against the table, he rested his head on his other hand, spinning side to side gently as his eyes stared lazily at the screen. They wouldn't stand the truth.

He sat in silence for a moment, mulling it all over in his head. So much for positive thinking, he chuckled. This was all inevitable now, everything he thought and felt always came back to guilt. With a resigned sigh he lifted himself from his desk and crept towards his bedroom door.

It was dark in his room but amongst it all there was light, a hazy blue from his computer that encompassed it all, that rarely changed. He stood in the doorway glancing back at his own space; as a kid the dark corners had worried him, he'd always have a million theories as to what could be hidden in the crevices staring back at him. He'd been so obsessed with light back then, the lava lamp by his bed and the cheap glow in the dark stars he'd slapped all across his ceiling being a proof of his childish determination to keep the monsters at bay.

With time he'd become more comfortable with the idea that not everything could be illuminated and bright, and he'd grown to appreciate the light that did dance throughout his room naturally. He stopped chasing lights, he liked the dark.

He turned back to the hallway outside, there was no light. On nights when he was feeling particularly introspective, which was more than not these days, he'd say that leaving the familiar darkness of his room and staring at the solid blackness of the doorway to the rest of his home felt much like any number of his experiences throughout life.

He didn't want to hurt Sapnap and George, and he didn't want them to hate him either.

He really needed that glass of water now.

## that's the excuse he would give

### Chapter Notes

You people are so incredibly kind, the things you say mean the world to me and I'm so glad that so many of you like this story :) xxxx

I hope this next chapter will satisfy you all, this time I'd say there's more "fluff" than usual, but that's not to say there isn't angst, there's always angst... Thank you and enjoyyy

Dream felt that he'd maybe adjusted better over time; he was undeniably a mess of contradictory emotions and feelings but he felt that he had a grip on it a little better.

At least for the past few weeks things had been okay, or in other words he hadn't slipped up. Things were going smoothly, there hadn't been many hiccups in his life recently, apart from on twitter where he had fallen victim to drama again. It was late and Dream had finally given in to the urge to crawl out from the comfort of his bed and poke around the kitchen cabinets.

He'd filmed his next manhunt that afternoon and due to the few hours of intense adrenaline he always felt a drop in the evening afterwards. This time Sapnap had been able to help put off the drop in energy levels, delaying the inevitable with a far more enticing interaction to follow up from their hours of back and forth chase.

The hunters had won, and after their little celebration at the end, Dream's heartbeat had only just begun to return to normal when he received the most wonderful suggestive text from Sapnap.

It was a photo, the noirette had become quite fond of sending them and Dream was just as eager as ever to receive them, a flush covering his cheeks as he rushed to say his goodbyes and video call Sapnap.

He blinked a few times as he clicked on the kitchen lights, the harsh white light contrasting starkly with the darkness of the corridor and staircase Dream had just crept down. It probably would have been more sensible to turn on the lights but he hadn't wanted to disturb his parents or siblings as he passed by their rooms, the light from his phone was good enough until now.

He placed his phone down on the counter, opening discord out of idle curiosity as he did so. After opening a cupboard he glanced back at his phone and scrolled through his groups to see who might be online or in a vc. A small smile graced his lips as he noticed Sapnap and George together. Without another thought he joined the vc but stayed on mute, he didn't want to make too much noise and disturb his family, it would echo too much in the kitchen.

"It's just been so great George." Saptops quiet voice rang from the speakers, he sounded chilled. "I'd never even thought about Dream that way before but now I can't imagine not thinking about him that way at all..."

Dream quirked his eyebrow with a smile as the words registered, he'd joined at a good time apparently. He turned the sound down a little.

"I bet." George chimed in. Dream chuckled to himself, the Brit was always getting himself caught

listening to other people prattle on. Dreams eyes landed on some of his sister's chocolate, he still needed something sweet to make up for the adrenaline drop from earlier, at least that's the excuse he would give her later.

"I was talking to him on video call yesterday-"

"You got Dream to do a video call?"

"Yeah I know, he really isn't as spectacularly ugly as we thought he was."

"That's wild."

Dream rolled his eyes, at least he knew that they talked as much shit about him when he wasn't around as they did to his face.

"He blushes so easy George... It's adorable, he's just so pretty..." Sapnap breathed out quietly.

Dammit Sapnap, Dreams cheeks tinted pink as quickly as the words registered in his mind. He cursed the texan for being right but he couldn't help himself from reacting to the words he was hearing, last time Sapnap had told him those things the pair had been on call; Dream had been wrapped up in his covers, sheet shoved down to his ankles. He had pressed the phone to his ear eagerly, cool glass sticking to the warmth of his damp skin as he gasped for air, his other hand gripping desperately at his leaking prick.

Sapnaps voice whispered dangerously in his ear, encouraging him all while keeping him in line. "I bet you look so pretty right now, all hot and sticky for me, do you wanna cum for me baby boy?"

Dream clenched his eyes at the memory, he allowed Sapnap too much room in his head and it was really starting to take a toll on his ability to stay composed around the younger man while he said literally anything.

"What? Dream gets shy?"

"Yeah I was hella surprised. But like not always, he's still super cocky, he just gets really quiet sometimes. Like submissive kinda."

What. Wait what.

"Yeah Sap, you're saying too much again."

"You asked!"

"That is definitely not what I asked!"

"Yeah Pandas you should shut up now."

Dream hurriedly unmuted and whispered directly into his phone's microphone to chastise the younger man.

"Shit Dream's here? That's so sus." The Texan man moaned.

George's breathy laugh made Dream smile. "Were you just lurking in vc Dream?"

"That's kinda creepy Dream, Gogy tell Dream he's creepy."

"Nah Dream just put an end to that neverending conversation, he's my saviour right now."

"Rude."

"Dream why are you on mute?"

At the question Dream popped a piece of chocolate into his mouth, placing the rest of it down on the counter. He typed a quick message to their discord group chat explaining his current activities and concerns regarding noise. Sapnap had snickered, commenting on the fact that him and George were making noise; proceeding to further prove this point by talking at an increasing volume and chattering obnoxiously.

With a frown Dream cursed, pressing his hand to the speaker to muffle the sound. He rushed upstairs after turning the downstairs lights off, shut his door and unmuted hastily.

"Sapnap you Idiot, shut the fuck up!" He hissed.

George laughed at the Floridians annoyance. "You could have just left Dream."

"Nah he wouldn't, obviously didn't wanna miss out on whatever we said about him. Just feeding his ego."

Dream groaned. That wasn't exactly true.

"Moving on... How's it going?"

"Sapnap was just trying to convince me to tell him about my love life, by telling me about his." George supplied, monotone voice implying he'd been suffering through this for a while.

The blond laughed. "Right, as if that would work."

"Yeah that's why I told him!"

"Hey what the hell George, you agreed!"

"I never agreed, at this point you're just having a conversation with some voice in your head and you're making me listen to it." The eldest of the trio bit out, tone dripping with sarcasm. Dream could just about imagine the eye roll the brunette was sporting.

"You'd tell me if there was anyone wouldn't you George?" Dream cut in, smiling at the miffed sound that came from the youngest.

"Of course I would Dream."

"Well go on then, how's your love life?"

"Since you asked so nicely, I've been talking to someone..."

"What the Fuck! George!" Sapnap burst out in outrage. "We've been talking for like, an hour! Why do you tell Dream stuff immediately and not me??"

The other two snickered at Sapnaps despair, laughter increasing as they listened to the ongoing tantrum. "This isn't fair..." The texan whined, failing to hide his own chuckles as he was caught up in the laughter of his friends.

Dream laughed, "Go on George, what's actually happening with you?" he quietened enough to ask properly.

George snickered briefly before giving in, a small contented sigh escaped him. "Okay, well there is actually this girl."

Oh.

"Nice. What's her name?" Sapnap questioned eagerly, clearly ignoring his previous complaints.

"I'm not telling you that."

"You're just being so rude tonight." The younger man whined.

George ignored him. "I met her a couple weeks ago through some old classmates. Got talking and I really like her, been texting pretty much every day."

That stung a little. Dream laughed at whatever it was that Sapnap said after that, joined in with him teasing and throwing around small jabs at George's expense, but he wasn't really there. His head felt weirdly fuzzy, he knew he was talking but he didn't really know what he was saying, it must've been the right thing to say though because both Sapnap and George were laughing with him. The Brit had had girlfriends before in the time that Dream had known him, and the subject had always been discussed in the same way they were discussing it now. Laughing, teasing, supportive but still nonchalant. But this time, it hurt.

"Damn..." Sapnap yawned. "I'm so tired guys."

"We should do a sleep call." George suggested, voice quiet and gentle. "What do you guys think?"

"I'm down."

"Dream?"

"What?" Dream focused again at the sound of his name, pushing his thoughts to the back of his mind.

"Sleep call?" The Brit said laughing to himself quietly, the sound made Dream shiver. "You down for one?"

"Right now?" He breathed out.

Sapnap's boisterous tone made him jump at the sudden loudness. "Yes right now, you Nimrod. Keep up with the program Dre." Dream rolled his eyes in response.

Dream felt a little lost. At this point he always felt lost, there was always something, nothing ever just felt good anymore. Along with George and Sapnap, they switched over to a video call on their phones, Dream didn't have his camera turned on but the other two did. His phone was propped up on his bedside table so he could watch them both as he lay on his side in bed, covers pulled up to his ears to shield him from the darkness.

He'd bothered to turn his brightness all the way up in a feeble attempt to see the other two more clearly, the pair had both turned their lights off although George was still visible due to street lights outside, that he prattled on about for 20 minutes with no real reason, and Sapnap had some glowing light somewhere in his room.

It was pretty late now and Dream felt utterly blessed to be able to just watch them both as they slept. For once he could truly focus his thoughts on one singular thing and right this moment it was the two boys in front of him. These truly special boys in front of him.

"Hey Dream?"

Dream jumped as he looked back to Sapnap who's eyes had opened just a little.

"Are you awake?" The younger muttered quietly, almost as if he was afraid to disturb the silence, Dream smiled, that was a rare thought.

"Yeah... I'm awake."

There was a pause where neither of the two said anything. Dream crept closer to the edge of his bed to look at his phone more intently, at Sapnap.

The noirette was smiling a little at the news of Dreams present state, eyes barely open and lashes creating flickering shadows across his cheeks. Dream was grateful for that little light, it illuminated Sapnaps features beautifully, just for him to see.

"Can you turn your camera on?"

"I look a mess Sap..."

"Don't care."

Dream huffed quietly but pulled his hand out from beneath the covers anyway, arm prickling with goosebumps from the sudden chill breeze from the ceiling fan above him. He pressed the button to turn on his camera before hastily engulfing himself in the warmth of his bed again.

Sapnap grinned lazily, eyes brightening slightly at the sight. "There's my baby boy." He chuckled.

Dream cursed, glancing at himself on his phone. Reaching his hand out again to muss up his hair, middle parts did him no favours. "Sap... George is here..."

The Texan rolled his eyes and shrugged.

Somehow Dream felt more peaceful this way, in theory nothing had changed; he was still lying there in bed, on his own and in the dark, thoughts whirling through his mind a mile a minute. Just moments ago he was feeling his usual late night restlessness, the urge to be doing anything but lie there fighting tooth and nail with his body's need for stillness.

Knowing someone was there with him helped, maybe not physically but even so, knowing Sapnap was there helped.

"You look pretty..." Sapnap whispered.

Dream smiled at that. "You're so soft."

"Eh." The younger man yawned. "You like it."

"I do..."

Sapnap smiled widely, a small glint in his eyes. "You're so soft."

A chuckle escaped him and he brushed his hair out of his eyes.

He cared so much for him, he couldn't help it anymore. He'd known Sapnap for years now, and he'd felt love for him for such a long time he couldn't pinpoint exactly when the texan became so

important to him. He listened to the others breathing even when he turned away to watch the rotation of his fan. It was different now though. His hearing zoned in on the younger man's gentle inhales, every other noise became obsolete. He closed his eyes, letting the rhythmic noises sooth him. This was nice.

Dream thought about George, who he hadn't looked at but he knew was in the call, sleeping as if he were dead to the world.

Eventually the gentle hum Sapnap emitted became too quiet for him to hear and he turned his head to look back at him. The other had tucked his head under his covers, effectively muffling any noises he might make. Dream sighed, if only he could sleep as easily as the other two could right this moment.

He chanced a glance at George, a calming feeling enveloping him again as any air his lungs had been holding seemed to escape him. He could stare at either of them for hours on end and feel this same peacefulness he thought.

God he was so screwed. Looking at George, Dream knew that whatever it was he was feeling for Sapnap on top of their years of trust and friendship was just as present with George. He smiled as George mumbled random words in his sleep, a fluttering erupted in his stomach at the gentle frown and the small creases that formed between the Brits eyebrows, his dark hair was pushed out of his face.

Dream bit back a laugh when he recognized the words "fucking jackass".

He didn't deserve his friends, he really didn't. But he was glad he had them.

Looking back on it he wasn't surprised he'd fallen for them both, he shouldn't have needed some stupid erotic stories online for him to realize that but he did. They hadn't read anything together in weeks, well, he and Sapnap had and it had entailed things that he was sure George would want no part in. Things seemed to have changed so much yet not at all.

It was always plaguing him in the back of his mind, painfully so. What would Sapnap think? How would George feel? Vice versa. He truly had backed himself into the most paradoxical corner; he had more than he thought he'd ever deserve but the possibility of losing it all and more was always such a nagging a prominent fear. One slip up is all it would take...

He jerked up at the feeling of wetness on his hand. What the hell. He wiped his hand off on his sheet quickly and rubbed at his face, when he pulled his hand away his fingers were wet too. Oh. Sitting up in bed Dream glanced back at his phone where the other two were sleeping peacefully. A harsh shudder coursed through him at the sound of George's voice, the indiscernible words escaping the Brits sleeping form caused Dream to curl in on himself. Nothing felt good anymore.

He slapped a hand over his mouth, a muffled whimper rattling him out of nowhere, where did this come from? He wasn't even aware he'd been upset. He didn't want to wake either of them up. With a suddenly jerky hand he left the call. He'd apologize in the morning, claim one of them was snoring, at least that's the excuse he would give them later.

## i actually don't care

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Well?" The clipped sound of George's voice echoed through Dream's headset in the otherwise silent call.

Dream's eyes scanned through the lines of code that George had sent to him 30 minutes prior. Somewhere in here some error was causing the mod George had been working on to glitch out, leaving the disgruntled Brit at his wits end.

"Dream."

Dream glanced up with a defeated sigh at the video call on his monitor where George was staring intensely at him through his webcam. "Sorry George..." To which the Brunet groaned in response and shoved his chair away from his desk, discarding his headset and abandoning his setup as he stormed off. Dream remained silent as he watched the display of frustration, eyes flickering back towards the code helplessly. Everything seemed fine, it truly had him stumped.

Out of the blue Sappnap's voice broke through the silence just as George's door slammed behind him, "Sheesh what's crawled up his ass all of a sudden."

Dream rolled his eyes in response, "Come on, don't be mean, you know he's been working on this for hours."

"Whatever, the stream's in like what? 3 days? He's getting angry for no reason."

Dream shrugged even though Sappnap couldn't see him. He couldn't disagree with him, George was getting wound up over nothing but either way he felt bad; he didn't like it when George was upset and he liked it even less when there was nothing he could do about it.

"You know what, I think it's something else." Sappnap speculated.

"Yeah? Like what?"

"Obviously, he needs to get some." The Texan laughed to himself quietly.

Dream raised a brow at the suggestion. "To get some?" He repeated mockingly with a snort, "Not everything is about sex Sappnap."

"Yeah but he got blown off last week didn't he. He's probably still sulking."

Dream paused, leaning back in his chair as he considered the idea. It wasn't out of the question, George had been annoyed last week when he'd brought it up but he hadn't mentioned it since. That being said he definitely had less patience than usual. Sappnap may well be right on this one. "Wait what?? I didn't know about that."

"He's gonna be bitchy for weeks, everything we say is gonna piss him off..."

"Ok you're being mean again. Everything you say pisses him off anyway." Dream huffed. "Was it that girl...?"

"I mean unless George suddenly got a whole lot of game, I'm pretty sure it's her, yeah."



"...He really liked her."

"I know, it really sucks..."

"Do you know what happened?"

"He didn't say much, I had to nag him for ages before he'd say anything." Of course you did. "I'm not sure but from the little he told me, I Think, he wasn't the only guy she'd been talking to, and it sounds like she preferred the other guy."

"What the fuck?? That's so messed up." Dream grimaced, brows drawing together to form a defined frown.

Sapnap nodded from behind his screen. "Yeah it's complete bullshit. I mean this is Gogy, she doesn't know what she's missing out on."

"Fuck that, she chose the wrong guy, her loss."

After a long pause that couldn't have been more than 30 seconds, Sapnap snickered. "You got mad there."

Dream huffed out an airy laugh, no point in denying it. "Can you blame me?"

"Nah not at all." Another silence, this whole conversation seemed to take place in their minds with their own thoughts at least half the time. "I feel so bad for him..." Sapnap muttered.

Eventually George came back, his irritation still visibly present thanks to the bite in his tone, but even so the 20 minute long breather had been enough to bring him back. The words the other two had shared stayed between them and nothing more was said on the subject upon George's return. The brunet apologized for his outburst and the three moved on, but not before Sapnap had made the necessary digs at George's temper tantrum. Dream rolled his eyes as his friends bickered, promptly shutting them down and moving on.

"Hey I was thinking..." Sapnap spoke with a semi serious lilt to his voice.

"That's dangerous for you."

"Shut upppp."

Dream wheezed. The satisfaction he got from winding up his friends sometimes felt like the only thing he'd ever need. "What were you thinking?"

"What if we met up?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I mean there's nothing stopping us."

"Do you know how expensive cross atlantic flights are?" George quipped with an obvious smile.

Dream gasped. "Are you saying we're not worth the investment George?"

"It would have to be a profitable investment in the first place, this is a financial drain."

"Geooorge." The youngest whined. "Stop being a bitch, we know you want to see us."

The oldest huffed in return, rolling his eyes with a smile still gracing his lips. "Yeah I guess."

The three had laughed and talked avidly about their plans, finally settling on the idea that Sapnap and George would fly over to Florida. George had made it clear that if they were going to meet up he wanted this to also be his opportunity to go to the States, rather than the other two flying across the ocean to rainy Britain. Another factor was that there was more to do in Florida than in Texas, at least as far as Sapnap was concerned, he wanted to go to Disneyworld.

Dream was over the moon to put it lightly, although he chose to contain his excitement. He'd announced his good news at dinner with his family, his sister had teased him profusely about his giddiness. Apparently he hadn't been as successful at containing his delight then he'd first assumed, either way it didn't matter to him that his attempts were in vain; this was good news, what was there to contain.

His mom, on the other hand, had been far more proactive than his sister. Dream had never quite realised how much of an impact both George and Sapnap had had on his mom as well, it hadn't occurred to him how well she knew the two boys, nor did it occur to him how much he'd prattled on about the two over the years.

The important thing was that she was just as thrilled as he was and not long after dinner she'd beckoned Dream over to her in the living room where she sat with Dream's old laptop, that he'd given to her after acquiring his first computer, in her lap.

With a grin Dream had plopped down on the couch beside her while she pointed out all the small houses available for rent nearer to town. Dream didn't really care where they would all stay, but his mom's insistence that they would be better off having their own space and being closer to town would make the experience all the better, and was more than enough to win him over.

A week or so later, the dates had been set, the flights had been booked, and they'd found a house suitable to rent for the duration of their stay. In a month and a half they would all be together, Dream was very happy with the organisation of it all.

Not long after that Dream and Sapnap found themselves texting while on a call with a streaming George. He was doing a normal speedrun stream, although the Brit wasn't having a lot of luck and it was starting to annoy him.

Dream glanced up at his monitor where he had George's stream playing, he chewed his thumb in silence as his eyes danced across the older man's tensed features. Both him and Sapnap had picked up on George's tenseness as of late, pegging it down as the usual daily stresses getting the better of him and maybe a small portion of his strain being due to the previously discussed romantic failures. It had taken only one major blowout from George, that surprisingly Dream had been the receiver of, rather than Sapnap, for the two to start showing serious concern.

Dream couldn't even recall what it had been about anymore but it obviously hadn't been taken well, he had been teasing the brunet and had said something that pushed George that little bit too far. The latter unleashing his anger and shouting out words that held far too much irritation and bite for it to be brushed aside as a simple loss of temper.

George hadn't talked to Dream for two days after that and Sapnap had been left in the middle; trying to talk down a wound up George and reassure a shocked Dream. After two days of insufferable radio silence, Dream had sent the Brit another heartfelt apology for whatever it was he'd said to upset him, this time longer than the last texts he'd dared to send. George had cracked after that and called him, apologising himself and asking that the pair move on from it.

There wasn't another blowout like that one in the time following, but George's tense demeanor didn't shift and if anything his fuse became all the more easier to set off. Dream kept a distance from certain topics and refrained from saying too much in fear of pushing the oldest too far and reliving the event all over again. This meant that Sapnap was the one to fall prey to Georges temper more often than not.

Dream sent Sapnap a quick text as he watched the frown on George's face grow more prominent. His face had gone really red, the colour creeping up his neck from beneath his shirt, tinging his ears a flushed red as his temper grew worse, curse words escaping under his breath.

A donation with a question appeared on Georges stream and Dream sighed with relief at the possibility to talk about something, the previous silence had been deafening and going on for an uncomfortably long time. It was getting difficult for Dream and Sapnap to pretend to be preoccupied with something, George's lack of communication and coldness was making it hard for their cheerful attitudes to be convincing things. The past week had been arduous and it wasn't looking up.

Sapnap pounced on the question. "Have you guys been reading any more fanfiction?" He repeated the donations question before answering on George's behalf, the Brits irritation at the game causing him to not pay as much attention to his donations. "Well I don't think George has lately, Dream and I have though."

"Hm." Dream made a sound in response as his name was mentioned. "Yeah we have, we read this really funny one actually- George you'd like this, tell George and chat about it Sap." He encouraged Sapnap, they weren't saying enough on this stream and he gathered that the chat was starting to get a little worried by George's silence.

Sapnap laughed as he was reminded of the story;. "Yeah, right! So it was really stupid, like Dream was this mafia boss and you-"

"I actually don't care, Sapnap." George said. Dream stilled at the coldness of his tone, that would be difficult to play off.

Sapnap laughed again, sounding more strained than the laugh just before. "Gog don't be like that! If you were jealous of Dream and I reading without you, you should've just said. Your sleep schedule is so broken." Dream cringed, that was not the right thing to say but he couldn't blame the youngest, he wasn't sure what he'd say to play that off as a joke either.

George huffed. "Why would I be jealous of that, you two do whatever you want."

Ouch.

Dream cringed at the deafening silence, he didn't know how to salvage this. He shot the chat another quick look and his throat felt dry at the number of concerned messages, the drama channels were going to eat this up. The trio had had issues before but they'd always kept it off stream. He sent a quick message to Sapnap, a set of orange hearts. The Texan responded immediately; "i dont

know what to do”.

Dream agreed, he didn't have a clue.

After a few more minutes of silence, George died again with a grunt of frustration. It was then that he called it quits, setting the three of them free and ending the stream after an awkward set of goodbyes.

They stayed on call after that, even though none of them said anything and George continued to ignore their presence. With a gulp Dream called out to him, “George?”.

George glanced up at the camera and then looked away again, sighing heavily and leaning back in his chair.

“That was...” He didn't know what to say, what should he say. It was in Dream's habits to tell George how well the stream went at the end, but he couldn't. It didn't go well, it was awful, it was beyond that.

The brunet nodded from behind his screen. “I know.”

Sapnap still hadn't said anything, Dream couldn't blame him. “I'm sorry guys, I don't know what I'm doing...” George muttered, if they hadn't all been completely silent they probably wouldn't have heard it.

“It's okay George.” Dream didn't know what more to say than that but he was relieved by the sound of Sapnap humming in agreement. It had become apparent over time that whatever it was that was going through George's head was causing him more problems than they'd first expected. George had never been particularly communicative, especially not when it came to feelings and such but this time he had shut his friends out completely, and neither Dream nor Sapnap knew how to handle it.

Another sigh broke their disturbed silence, “I think I'm gonna go, thank you guys for being on my stream. I know it was... Yeah.” and he reached out his arm before disconnecting his camera.

Dream deflated a little, and Sapnap's silence pursued.

“Wait, George-”

“Bye.”

And the sound of George disconnecting from the call filled their silence, it felt like it echoed a few times, ringing in their ears for an undefined amount of time after he left.

## Chapter End Notes

hey guys i'm sorry this took such a painfully long time. this chapter took me a while to write because i wasn't entirely sure what i wanted to say in this one, i had more plans set up for the next few chapters and this one felt a lot like empty space. i think i've managed to change that though, this chapter made me genuinely sad to write and i'm feeling a little deflated from it!

anyway i hope you all are okay, and thank you so much for the support, i see some of you out there who come back and i appreciate you all.



## you're not listening to me

### Chapter Notes

and here is more angst... i hope this chapter coming out earlier makes up for how long the last one took! this one might be a little short because i had to split it into two to make it be more balanced, it also means i get to upload sooner!

anyway, enjoy x

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had become quieter too, less active in their group chats and discord calls; Dream knew it was because the noirette couldn't handle the idea of George being upset with him, and he couldn't blame him. George's temper was something to be worried about; the Brit was irritable and a cynic but his annoyance towards the pair never went that deep. But when it did, his anger wasn't something to be taken lightly.

George had been mean, and unfair, and Dream knew that Something was causing him troubles but he didn't know how to bring it up with him, not without opening himself up to the possibility of having his head bitten off.

A day or so later, late at night, Dream was curled up in his bed, which seemed to be the only place he ever found himself feeling comfortable. He was unsurprisingly on a call with Sapnap, he'd always craved the physical presence of the other two but knowing that it wasn't possible had always successfully helped him squash that thought. Since their talk though, since they made the decision and the plans he had no reason to deny himself the wishful thinking.

More so now than ever before, he craved the feeling of Sapnap at his side, warming his side and relaxing him. Until then, Patches's petite frame that was stretched out languidly between his legs, head tucked haphazardly under his knee, would have to do for now. Dream hoped that soon he would find Patches snuggling up to his friends, the thought warmed him a little.

"Sap, you should talk to him..." He encouraged the noirette, he'd been trying to coax Sapnap back into his old optimistic and sociable ways. Dream wasn't good at this kind of problem solving, he was quick on his feet in more ways than one but this wasn't his area. Sapnap was their leader when it came to social harmony, even though he was the one stirring the most chaos, he was the first to make amends. Dream needed him, he wasn't sure how long he could keep this up.

"Dream... He's just gonna get annoyed with me again." The blond paused as he thought of something to say back to that. But apparently he paused for too long. "See you can't even pretend that he won't, you know he's been so grumpy."

Dream huffed, he hated conflict just as much as Sapnap but wasn't anywhere near as good at handling it head-on. He felt a little deflated that even Sapnap was struggling to wade through the pessimism. "But it's upsetting you Pandas..."

"He's upset too, Whatever the fuck is going on with him, I don't wanna make it worse."

"I don't think you could."

“Dude, do you wanna try talking ‘feelings’ with George? Cause honestly be my guest.”

The older man paused again, thinking over the others' words. “I think... I will actually. He’s not gonna feel any better if he keeps shutting us out, and it would be nice to have him back...”

“...You are so brave.”

“Shut up.”

“Hey! No! I’m being serious.”

Another huff escaped him. “Yeah, yeah...” He leant back against his headboard, head falling back against the metal frame of the bed, a clanging sound indicating the contact his neck made with the metal, as well as the cool chill that but as his skin softly.

Sapnap called out to him again after a minute, voice once again soft and uncertain. “Dream?”

“Yeah?” He hummed in response.

“If you do get through to him a little, make sure he knows we love him.” Dream smiled at that, he loved how unconditionally caring the Texan was. Always eager to give and please, and as he’d learnt, not afraid to take when the time suited?

“I will.” He answered, voice soft and fond while his fingers reached for Patches’s fur, Fingers combing through the cats hair delicately. “...Love you Sapnap.” He hadn’t told him that since they started messing about, it felt heavier now, but it felt good to say it.

The grin on the other's face could be heard through the way he spoke, and Dream should have expected the sly question that he was about to receive. “I love you too. Want me to send you a dick pic later?”

He wheezed. “Sapnap, I swear to god.” He really should have expected it, but at the same time, this conversation really wasn’t the time for suggestions like those.

“Is that a yes?”

He chuckled again. “Yeah.” A faint blush dusted his cheeks.

He knew it wasn’t ideal but he caught George off-guard. The oldest had begrudgingly joined the SMP at Dreams request and they’d played for a few hours. By the end of it George was smiling and laughing animatedly. Joking and making jabs at how Dream had almost died while chasing the Brit up Tommy’s stupid reverse-coaster.

The grin he’d had plastered across his face for the past few hours settled into a gentle smile, the fluttering in his chest making him feel warm while he ignored the minor headache that he’d acquired from all the laughter.

He’d missed this, George had always been here but recently a part of him had upped and left, taking with him his usual cynical cheerfulness and laughter. Dream had missed him, it felt good to laugh with him like this again. A quick glance at his phone where he had a notification from Sapnap, asking him how things were going, reminded him that things aren't as they normally would be. That when he left the call, the next time he spoke to George, they would be back to this

strange coldness. He couldn't stand the idea of it, he had to just get this over with.

With hesitation, he called out to him. "Hey George, could we actually talk about something?" Here goes nothing.

"Oh no."

"What?" Dream laughed at George's immediate skepticism.

"Ugh, come on then. What do you want to talk about?" A smile curving the corner of his lips.

He smiled at the way the other was still so relaxed, he almost regretted starting this conversation.

"Well, you. Sap and I have kinda been worried about you lately..."

"Oh." There was a pause while the Brit thought to himself, mulling it over Dream assumed. Obviously this time he got lucky. "Okay, I- Yeah. Okay."

Relief rushed over him as he wasn't immediately shut out. He replied quickly and in one breath. "I know something is messing with you. It's just- Can you talk to me? Please?"

George sighed, pausing again before a groan escaped him. Dream could imagine the way his hands were rubbing at his eyes before grabbing at his hair, fingers curling painfully. "Yeah, okay okay... I guess things have been getting me down."

You guess. "Things?"

"Yeah..." George hummed. Dream frowned at how difficult the brunette was finding this, he had never been good at opening up but he always ended up doing it. "I uh... well, I feel- I feel very, ugh. Dream..." He whined, pleading to be let off the hook.

"Come on, George."

George huffed. "I think I feel like, unlovable, or something..."

"What?"

"Yeah, like, no one wants me. And it's starting to really suck-"

Dream cut him off. "That's ridiculous. George what are you talking about." He didn't like what George was saying, it wasn't true. God, he wanted him so badly. "That's such bullshit, what do you mean you're unlovable?"

"Dream, you're not listening to me." The anger was in George's voice causing Dream to jump suddenly at the change. In the past few hours where they'd enjoyed nothing but each other's company with no stress, and all issues forgotten. "You said you wanted me to talk, so fucking listen! You can't just tell me what I'm feeling, Dream! I already have no control of that myself, I don't need you to decide for me."

"George, I'm sorry..."

"Yeah, well. You should be."

"You're not unlovable George..."

"Right, but clearly there's something about me that repulses others. That makes me so fucking undesirable." Dream sank further into his desk chair, the tightness in his chest growing as he



listened to George, actually listened to him talk about what had been weighing down on him. It didn't feel good. "I see everyone around me who I've had even the slightest bit of interest in get-together with someone in the past few months! It's just frustrating!" The older man bit out.

"George you know it's not like that, this was just one girl-"

"It's not even about her Dream! Why don't you get that? Like, it would have been really nice to have someone like me back the way I like them but I honestly don't care about her anymore." He groaned.

"Then why have you been so..."

"So what? Dream."

Dream stuttered over his words, cursing himself for making things worse. "George, I- Well... You've- I don't know George! You've not been happy!"

"Yeah, no kidding." George answered, the response short and quipped. "It just feels like everyone I fall for, and you know I don't get like that with a lot of people, either don't acknowledge me at all, or even worse, do notice me and still choose someone else!" The older huffed out, irritation peaking in his tone as he rambled on. "It just pisses me off so much, I can't control who I have feelings for! I mean even when it was you and Sapnap-" There was a sudden pause, George's harsh tone teetering off into a tense silence.

Dream held his breath for a second, the words not quite hitting him yet. "Am I supposed to read into that?" He uttered out quietly. The words didn't quite make sense, there were too many of them and George had rushed them out too quickly. Dream didn't want to make assumptions knowing that his own mind would create some messed up illusion. But wouldn't that be ideal. Stop it.

"No. No you aren't." The older muttered.

"Okay..."

"I'm gonna go." George bit out, harsh tone returning, the bitterness in his voice as prominent as ever.

"George-"

"I don't want to talk anymore Dream."

And with that he was gone. The sudden silence was overwhelming, the words finally fully reaching his head and an understanding settled within him. What are you doing to me, George. He felt the cavity in his chest grow, breath seemingly escaping him and the emotions he should be feeling, appearing to have never existed in the first place. He felt... Empty. It was overpowering. He didn't even get the chance to make sure George knew they loved him, that felt so much more important now.

## Chapter End Notes

again and again and again. thank you all so much for the support, you've all been so so lovely :)

i hope you all enjoy this chapter and that yo're having a lovely day xx



## and there he stood

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George wouldn't talk to them, at least he didn't show any signs of having noticed their multiple attempts at contact. After a few days of ignored phone calls, falsely casual snapchats and pleading text messages, it became apparent to the younger two that George had no intention of letting them in.

Dream felt so incredibly guilty. He reasoned with himself that it wasn't his fault that George was upset and suffering, but god, he had sounded so messed up. Dream hated it, he hated not being able to help. He hated the idea that he had made things worse even less.

Dream felt ready to curl back in on himself, the temptation to hide away was appealing to him and definitely winning him over. Except that Sapnap was having none of it, after barely a day of limited conversation Sapnap had dragged him into a call and told him that that was exactly what he was Not going to do. The noirette reminded him that he wasn't going to handle both of his best friends going reclusive, and that he already needed Dream fully here in order to cope with the fact that George wasn't. Dream had felt guilty at that, and pushed through his reclusive inclinations. For Sapnap.

Things didn't look up with George, neither of them had succeeded in dragging him back into their safe bubble. Although that didn't stop them from trying; a week later Sapnap and Dream had been whispering about their missing counterpart quietly, his absence creating a void, neither of them really had any idea how to deal with, or how they could possibly fill it.

It was about 3 o'clock and Dream was supposed to be enjoying one of his rare moments away from his computer while he supervised Patches running around the garden, chasing after flies with her tail wagging back and forth in anticipation. Instead he was hunched over, legs swinging in a fidgety manner at the end of their back garden patio, he would usually enjoy it but this time the sun was too bright and the neighbours were being too loud. His hair kept blowing into his face, a consequence of him having broken his hair tie while he tried to pull his hair out of the way, his stress getting the better of him and the stretched elastic band snapping and hitting his wrist painfully.

His phone was sat on the wooden planks beside him with the speaker turned on so he could hear Sapnap without needing to hold the phone to his ear. His ears had started to ache recently from the prolonged use of his headset, which was weird really because it had never really bothered him before. He had talked to his mom about it at some point and she'd suggested that maybe his stress was manifesting itself as aches and pains. The idea seemed a little odd to Dream but he was a momma's boy, and he couldn't deny that he had many aches, she might have had a point. Either way, it hurt to press the phone to his ear, especially the way he would usually grip it and Sapnap's tendency to raise his voice at random intervals.

Dream thought that he was dealing with Georges absence quite well in the great scheme of things, at least maybe he felt that way because it was more apparent that Sapnap wasn't. While Dream could avoid the sore topic for days, the youngest couldn't help but express his worries given any opportunity. He cursed the way Sapnap held his heart on his sleeve, it wasn't a bad trait, not by any means, but the constant reminder that there was an important part missing and stopping him from feeling whole was really starting to drain him.

He was on call with Sapnap who was currently subjecting him to another set of concerns regarding their missing friend. The Floridian was zoning out as he heard Sapnap's never ending rant sounding from his phone speaker. He swatted away a fly and sighed as George's name was yet again brought up. Sapnap had been monopolising all his efforts to try and get a response out of the distant Brit across the ocean from them. Dream had told him that the way he was going about it was destined to fail and that he was wasting his time, but that didn't stop Sapnap. The Texan couldn't cope with conflict, he didn't like it when things weren't right between them and although he didn't like to admit it, he always felt affected on a very personal level. His hurt was palpable and thunderous.

Sapnap had resorted to spamming George on discord. The attempt was childish and Dream thought it was utterly stupid, and bound to do nothing but piss the oldest off more and make him even less likely to want to contact them. But he couldn't blame Sapnap, he was getting desperate himself and the radio silence was killing him.

He jumped at the sound of Sapnap's excited cry; he'd been jumping between messaging and calling the other for the past 20 minutes.

"George!" Dream perked up at that.

"George hey! Wait, George- Oh..."

Dream closed his eyes at the sudden silence and the sound of disappointment that thread itself into Sapnap's voice, with another heavy breath he picked up his phone and spoke into the microphone softly.

"What did he say...?"

There was a pause as Sapnap coughed awkwardly, a hesitant lump forming in his throat. "He uh..." Dream frowned at the defeatedness in the noirettes voice, his chest aching at the unfairness. "He said to leave him alone."

Some time after that Sapnap had bounced back, but it took him a while. During that time Dream had made multiple attempts at contact himself, but all were met with silence, he couldn't really decide if that made him feel better or worse.

He was reassured at least by the fact that George remained somewhat active online. He pushed away the thoughts that the whole radio silence reminded him of his own time that he spent pushing away his friends, he thought to himself that the reasoning behind it had been drastically different and it didn't compare. Or so he had convinced himself. Following that same logic, he hadn't felt that it was necessary to tell Sapnap about how the conversation had ended. What the last important things were that George said to him. Because it didn't mean anything. It meant nothing.

It didn't feel right without George. It felt so incredibly wrong.

Dream and Sapnap stayed up on call more and more often, regardless of the fact that Dream's insomnia was definitely getting worse. That was one thing that was nice, it went unsaid that it would have been nicer with George there, but the excess calls that were becoming increasingly affection-filled were comforting and almost helped fill a void of emptiness that was bugging them both. Because it was bugging them, it was bugging them a whole lot.

Dream was happy to pretend that it wasn't, because as Sapnap had finally understood, it hurt a lot more to always think about the fact their trio wasn't complete.

They had settled into this quiet routine and it was helping, it was easier to be nicer with each other now, to be kinder and more caring in a way that they hadn't been before.

It would be good to see him. Dream didn't know if he could continue with this same vicious cycle of concern and guilt that Sapnap helped keep at bay with reassurance and affection, without physically seeing the younger man. It was becoming harder and harder to keep the unhappiness under wraps when he told the other he wanted to hug him, knowing he couldn't.

He just really needed to hug him now. He really needed to hug George too.

Dream was sitting at the table in their rented house, his mom had helped set up everything they'd need and even insisted on stocking the fridge for them before she made the short drive back home. The only thing Dream had left to do was drive himself to the airport where he'd be picking up Sapnap, and George.

"Do you think he's gonna come?" Sapnap's disembodied voice asked from through the muffled speaker of his phone, that he had pressed tightly against his ear. He didn't like the way the sound bounced off the walls throughout the empty house, so he opted against putting the other on speaker.

"I don't know." Dream shrugged, the grip on his phone tightening.

Without missing a beat Sapnap had moved on to his next question, a hopefulness in his tone that ate at the pit in Dream's stomach. "He bought his tickets though didn't he?"

"I think so." He wasn't sure. With a defeated sigh he spoke, he needed to give Sapnap something more than that. "He'll either show up or he won't Sap, his plain should have left 30 minutes ago and it gets in an hour after yours, he'll either be on it or he won't."

"We'll wait though, won't we?"

"What?"

"We'll wait at the airport, in case he does?" The younger pressed.

"Of course we will..." Dream breathed out, a heavy sigh escaping him again and the weight of doubt settling on his shoulders. He wished he had Sappnap's faith.

Dream honestly didn't know if George would have set foot on that flight or not, and he'd convinced himself that he had turned off from it all. He purposefully ignored the fact that the night before he had laid in bed, thinking about his upcoming plans and all the things he'd need to prepare before going to the airport, and that his cheeks had become wet and reddened for an unspecified amount of time.

He cursed Sappnap's optimism. But that wasn't what mattered at this immediate moment.

He bounced on the balls of his feet nervously, there were so many people in the airport and he really didn't like how crowded it was. He felt awkward and out of place despite the fact that he was one among many who were waiting for loved ones at the gate.

He had arrived early because god forbid he arrive late, Sapnap wouldn't stop complaining about it if he had. That being said he was going to be spending a fortune on parking, but that was okay, it was worth it.

He glanced around at the people around him as tired passengers started wobbling their way through

the exit. Dream snickered to himself as he heard a particularly prominent Texas accent, bordering on caricatural. No sign of the Texan he was looking for though. He hummed to himself and shoved his hands into his pockets awkwardly as he hopped through the crowd of people in an attempt at getting closer to the gate.

“Clay!” Dream’s head turned suddenly at the sound of his name, his real name. He beamed from cheek to cheek at the sight of the Texan barreling towards him, his heels digging into the ground as he came to a stop, trying to prevent his trolley from barging into Dream.

His backpack hastily dropped to the floor before he ran around the hefty luggage carrier stacked with a suitcase and a couple of boxes, meeting Dream halfway and latching on.

A laugh bubbled up from between his lips as he grasped the noirette tightly, his arms wrapping around his neck and gripping at his shoulders as they rocked back and forth adjusting to their new balance, Sapnap forcing half of his weight into the hug as his arms snaked around Dream’s midsection. “Please don’t call me that.”

Sapnap’s head looked up from where it had been pressed roughly against the other’s chest. “Why?” He grinned manically as he squeezed Dream closer.

“It doesn’t sound right coming from you. Man, you’re so short!” Dream laughed.

Sapnap huffed but his smile stayed bright even as he pushed Dream away to look at him. “Fuck off, you Giant! You’re way taller than you said you were.” He flicked Dream’s chin in retaliation for his height.

“No I’m not.” Dream snorted, hand flying up to his chin in surprise. He smiled at how easy it felt to have the other touch him. He was actually here with him right now. “You are!” He wanted to hug him again. “I am?”

“Yes!” Sapnap groaned as he dragged the other into another hug. Dream smiled to himself as he let the other latch back onto him, allowing himself to nuzzle his face against the noirette’s hair, tufts of it flying everywhere, he didn’t know what it smelled of but he liked it. A hum of satisfaction escaped him as he felt Sapnap’s fingers dig into his waist a little tighter.

The two sat there for an hour just watching the world go by. Distractions were everywhere; Dream’s eyes couldn’t help but lock onto the toddler with the large orange backpack running in circles around the passing holiday makers, or the vibrant blue of the fuzzy screen displaying the arrivals, the vibrancy causing his head to ache regardless of the fact he was used to spending hours on end staring at monitors at a much closer proximity. The thing that distracted him the most was Sapnap’s bouncing leg beside him. At least that was the part of Sapnap he allowed himself to focus on, he had spent the first 10 minutes staring way too much and once the shorter man had called him out on once with a teasing grin he had decided that it was necessary for his own pride to restrain himself.

Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the shorter man, he still hadn’t quite taken in the height difference, the bouncing was causing their bench to tremble and only ceased once Dream placed his hand on the other’s knee, gripping tightly at first but loosening to rub reassuring circles into the Texan’s clothed skin. It felt so good to be able to touch him, even if it didn’t mean anything. Sapnap jumped at first, shaking himself out of his daze and glancing back up at Dream with a grin. Dream smiled back, content that the bouncing had stopped, it was stressing him out more than he’d like to admit.

Regardless of all the things that distracted him and garnered his attention, he couldn't draw his mind away from the thing that was really upsetting him.

With a sigh he squeezed Sappap's knee one more time before drawing it away and stretching. "I... I think we should maybe go, Sap..."

The other glanced at him with a small frown. He could see the cogs turning in his head. Dream knew that it had been an uncomfortably long time since Georges' flight had landed, and although neither of them had vocalized it, they both knew that the thought had crossed the other's mind.

"Yeah, maybe..." Sappap shrugged and made a hesitant move to stand up, swinging his bag over his shoulder and resting his hand on the handle of his suitcase. He paused and stared at his bag, head tilted down.

Dream stood as well, following the other's movements and watching him as he paused.

"I really wanted him to come, Dream..." The younger man sighed.

Dream nodded in silence, he reached a hand out to rest on Sappap's shoulder, rubbing gently in an attempt at comfort. He couldn't get over what it was like to actually touch the other, it was almost surreal.

After a moment, Sappap curled his fingers around the handle of his luggage and looked up at Dream with a smile, stepping away from the other to start tugging himself and his bags away towards the Exit signs. Dream followed with a small smile, they were going to have a nice time, it would be okay that they weren't all here. It didn't feel right, but there was nothing more to do, they had tried.

They only made it a dozen or so steps.

"I hope you're not leaving without me." A gentle and impossibly familiar voice called from behind them, the well-spoken drawl of the accent standing out amongst the chatter around them.

Dream's steps halted immediately, Sappap who was a step or two ahead of him spun around to stare behind them before Dream could so much as turn his head. Just as the latter's eyes landed on a short pale frame he heard the Texans' surprised cry from behind him. "George!"

There the Brit stood, a shy smile gracing the lips.

## Chapter End Notes

so uh angst but you know kinda :) those were words

also typos, i fear for typos but i wanted to upload this before sleep, ill be back to fix typos

hope you enjoyed people, this story is getting there! xxx

# that felt right

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The three of them sat in the car in silence, Dream was driving of course and staring pointedly at the road. He couldn't help but glance at George who was sitting besides him in the passenger's seat, the older man had yet to say anything to them of any real substance. It had been 20 minutes since they'd shoved all the luggage into the trunk and set off, they had another hour and a half left. He couldn't see Sapnap but he knew he was there, sat in the middle of the row of seats in the back, he glanced up every so often at the rear view mirror and suppressed a smile at the sight of the Texans bewildered eyes darting around frantically. The air-con was blowing air around the car steadily but not doing much to discourage the heat. Dream had made the mistake of leaving the car out in the sun, he'd been in a rush due to his excitement and hadn't bothered to find a parking spot in the shade. They now had to suffer through the boiling heat of the tin can they called a car.

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry." Dream glanced back at George, barely hiding his surprise, but a burst of warmth bubbled up inside him at the words, but not without some trepidation.

Sapnap coughed from the back. "You're sorry?"

The brunette in the front nodded, "Yeah, I am." he shuffled around to lean his back against the car door to be able to look directly at Dream on his left and Sapnap behind him, who had leant forward and propped his arms on both of the front seats, giving George his full attention.

The other two said nothing as they let George muster up the courage to say the words he needed to say. "I... I've been awful to you guys, I've been really messed up lately and I've made you two pay for that. And it's wrong, and I'm just... Really really sorry..." He blurted out.

Dream kept his face neutral as he listened, he had become quite good at that when it came to George recently. He really didn't want to get upset but he could feel wetness stinging his eyes, it didn't matter how awful the things were that he had felt towards George for the past month, these were the words he had wanted to hear. This was the conversation he had imagined so many times in the hours he spent lying in bed with sleep escaping him.

"It's okay Gog-"

"No but it's not!" George cut Sapnap off. "I don't know why I did it, I felt so bad doing it and I knew I was upsetting you too."

"Yeah, but you weren't feeling good and Dream and I did nothing to help you." Sapnap reasoned. "Hell if anything I was more of a dick with you than usual."

"No you weren't!" George bit out, frustration spiking.

"But Sapnap's right George, we didn't help you..."

George huffed, hand grabbing at his hair tightly. "But I didn't let you in the first place, it's not your fault that I didn't talk to you. I was being such a dick!"

Dream hummed, eyes leaving the road briefly to look at George with a sad smile. "Yeah, you were."

George inhaled sharply and looked away, staring at the road in front of them and watching a lady



with a pram walk down the street. "Are you angry with me?"

"Of course not." Dream sighed.

"You should be." The brit muttered.

"That's a lie, Dream was angry with you for a while." Sapnap spoke up from behind, shifting about to lean further forward, head poking out between them before he leant it against the side of the headrest. Finally content at feeling the cool breeze from the air-con blowing directly across his face.

"I was?"

"You were?"

Sapnap chuckled lightly, despite the seriousness of the topic. "Hmm, yeah. But not like angry, angry, just hurt I guess."

George deflated. "Oh." Dream frowned at that.

"It's okay, you know." Sapnap reached his arm out and poked at George who grunted at the action. "You understand that it sucked and you still have the balls to apologise for it."

Dream nodded in agreement. "We're happy to have you back, George." He smiled and just like the noirette he reached his arm across to rest on Georges knee. Pulling it back not long after feeling George twitch under his fingers. He smiled nonetheless, ignoring the pit in his stomach.

"Never push us away like that again." Sappnap's voice was stern, "Please. We love you Gogs." but pleading, a hopeful and noticeably more content grin spread across his face.

"Yeah, we love you George."

The oldest of them smiled gently, hand making a move to turn on the radio. "I promise. I guess I love you guys too..."

And the other two grinned at that.

When the three of them arrived home, Sapnap was the first to burst out of the car whilst complaining about cramps despite being the one to have had the most relaxed and least tiresome travel plans between him and George.

The youngest of the trio barrelled towards the front door after Dream threw him the keys that he had demanded.

Dream watched as George hauled the box out of the boot. His hands gripping tightly at the severely duct taped cardboard. Both he and Sapnap had brought their computer setups, Dream remembered cringing at the realisation that he was going to have to play a serious game of tetris in his car boot. Sapnap had ended up squished between a suitcase and two backpacks. Dream would have borrowed his mom's car if he'd known he would be transporting more than people and suitcases, on top of that he hadn't been confident that George would show up.

He looked back at Sapnap who had just reappeared in the doorway, smiling smugly.

The brit had insisted upon hopping out of the car that he get the boxes himself, despite them being heavy and there being three of them. He was trying to compensate, Dream speculated, which wasn't really fair in his opinion as he hadn't acted well either.

Dream ignored the brunette's complaints as he started shifting luggage towards the entrance of their house, watching as Sarnap disappeared back through the door with a couple of suitcases behind him. "Hey George?" He called out once they reached the car again.

George stuck his head back into the trunk, reaching for a box. "Hm?" He responded as he handed the box to Dream.

"I'm sorry."

The brit paused. "What- what for?" He turned around to face Dream with wide eyes while still bent over with his head in the boot.

Dream sighed, shifting the box so he could hold it tighter. It was heavy. "Last time we talked... I didn't listen to you when you needed me to, and I'm sorry. I didn't help."

"Oh..." George looked back at the box that was shoved at the back. "Yeah. So, about that..." He sighed heavily as he grabbed onto his own box and motioned for them to start moving towards the house again. "I hope what I said won't change anything, it doesn't have to mean anything."

Dream frowned. "What you said?"

"Yeah, uh... About, well- You and Sarnap..."

"About me and Sarnap?"

The brit stopped suddenly and stared up at him pleadingly. "Dream, don't make me say it again. Please." He said, making eye contact briefly before his eyes darted away nervously.

With a shake of his head, Dream stuttered with confusion. "I- George, I'm sorry but I don't know what you're talking about."

"Dream..."

"George..." He answered back, dragging the others' name out in the same way George had.

The shorter man looked back at him with a frown and genuine confusion. His mouth fell open slightly as he mulled it over in his head. "...You didn't read into it." George announced in astonishment.

"Read into what?" Dream was still none the wiser. "George?"

George shook his head with a disbelieving laugh as he made a move to walk forward again. "Wow Dream, I- You can't be serious."

"George! Seriously, what?"

"The argument we had." George supplied, turning back around to face the blond. Expecting some sort of realisation.

"You said you felt unlovable. Yeah..."

The shorter man's eyebrows shot up as it clicked. "Wow."

"What?" Dream exclaimed, a confused laugh bubbling up his throat as he looked back at the brit who was smiling gently at him.

“Holy shit, you are dumb.” George shook his head a final time, turning his back on the floridian again as he walked into the house. Dream continued to frown to himself as he tried to think it through. If it didn’t mean anything then why was it so surprising that he didn’t understand what George was trying to say?

Dream had planned on showing them around but by the time he checked that everything had been brought into the house and that the car was locked, Sapnap had already called dibs on one of the empty upstairs rooms and directed George towards the stash of chips in the kitchen cabinet. Dream smiled at the discovery, he hadn’t even known those were there. He’d have to call his mom later and thank her again. She was obviously way more prepared than Dream could have ever hoped to be.

For the next couple of hours they ran rampant around the house, George suggested that it would be a good idea that they start getting their setups ready and all plugged in so that they’d be prepared for whenever they felt like streaming or recording.

Thankfully there hadn’t been too much confusion between whose belongings were whose; Sapnaps setup had been boxed far more lovingly and carefully than Georges, and by lovingly that meant that he had duct taped every square inch of the cardboard box to within an inch of its life. Dream and George stood in the doorway of Sappnaps chosen room upstairs and snickered away at the sight of the youngest trying desperately to hack away at the mass of tape with a blunt kitchen knife.

The house wasn’t large by any means but it wasn’t small enough to be cramped for the three of them, not that that would have been an issue given they had been loitering around each other continuously since their arrival. Becoming predictably inseparable and not daring to let the others out of their sight. Rarely being in a room without one of the others finding some excuse to follow them in.

Dream took note of the fact that Sapnap would inch closer to him no matter what he was doing, sometimes being so close to the other that he could feel his body heat radiating from the shorter man without them ever actually touching.

Patches on the other hand, was not as happy. She scuttled away and hid from the masses of luggage being shifted around the house and the three boys running around in excitement. Sapnap had promised to come for her later, no cat was to be exempt from his affection.

George rejoiced at the news that Dream had already set up his Netflix account on the television downstairs in the living room and later in the evening, beckoned Sapnap over to the couch so the two could start scrolling through movies. It was their first night and they were all settling into their new space together. Dream reasoned that it was acceptable for them to do jackshit for now, with his friends here, it would be great regardless of what they were doing.

“C’mere you.” Sapnap motioned for Dream to join them on the couch, the youngest backed himself up into the corner next to the arm rest and created a space for Dream to sit besides him, where the other could pull him to his side.

Dream grinned at Sappnaps demands; contact bordering on cuddles. He was almost surprised it had taken him this long given how insistent he had been on proximity all day. “I’m too big for this.” He stated as Sapnap manoeuvred him into an awkward scrunched up position in the center of the couch with his legs tucked under himself at an uncomfortable angle.

“You’re too damn tall is what you are!”

“For fuck sake guys. Dream just- Put your legs over here, yeah like that.” George huffed with a roll of his eyes. Dream found himself curled up next to Sap with his head resting on the Texans chest

and his legs strewn across George's lap. Sapnap grinned with delight, content in this position where he could now grasp the blond closer to him, his hands danced over the others arm, fingers dragging across the skin in soothing circular motions causing Dream to hum in contentment.

“You okay over there Gogy?” Dream asked, peering over at the brunette who held the remote, his other hand rested on the floridians legs that were splayed across him haphazardly, absentmindedly playing with the blonds leg hair.

George looked back at him, eyes tearing away from the Netflix homepage to instead fall on the other two huddled together comfortably. His eyes softened a little at the sight and a puff of air seemed to escape him. “It’s so weird seeing you guys like this.” He muttered. Dream stared back at him, his eyes widening a little but it was dark in the room. Sapnap turned his head towards the Brit at the sound of his quiet words.

“You’ve never seen us together any other way.”

“True.” George shook his head and looked back to the television and kept scrolling. “It's just different is all.”

Dream watched the other, he couldn’t see much in the dark but the light emitted from the screen glowed and illuminated the brunette's profile. The white light made him look paler than he actually was, it pronounced the shadows formed by the sharp edges that made up the Brits face. He leaned back with a lazy smile as he clicked play on some movie. Dream hadn’t been paying attention, too caught up in the comforting warmth of Sapnap to his side, the feeling of the others breathing gently causing him to rise and fall alongside him. The blond reached a hand out, gently tapping on the pale man's arm to get his attention.

George rolled his eyes but nonetheless agreed to the taller man's silent request. The hopeful look in his eyes and the delicate smile that graced his lips forcing the repressed tingling feeling in his chest to warm him from the inside out. George wished the other wasn’t so naive but he gave in to his wishes anyway. He couldn’t find it in himself to deny himself this moment with his friends. He placed his hand in Dreams gingerly, allowing the other to link their fingers together. He shared a look with the texan on the other side of the couch, the latter glancing at the interlocked fingers of his friends before smiling at George and looking back at the movie.

By the time the movie had ended, George was flat out. It would only have been about 1 in the morning in Florida but the different time zone and jet lag had won over the Brit. Sapnap too was tired from the travelling but refused to acknowledge he was. After some time Dream nudged George awake, smiling warmly at the drowsy yawn made by the sleep deprived man whom he then helped up to his room. Arm wrapped around the others waist despite his complaints that he could walk to his room alone.

George had grunted at him upon the arrival in front of his bedroom door, a small sigh of contempt escaping him as Dream slid his arm out from under the other. Dream chuckled quietly to himself as George leaned his head against his chest, the shorter man groaning with fatigue and making a feeble attempt at getting closer to the warmth in front of him. God, he was cute. Dream pushed the door open and with a small bout of dejection when he detached George from where he was pressed against him, the others breath warming him further where it seeped through his t-shirt. Directed by his shoulders, the exhausted Brit landed on his bed fully dressed and curled up immediately upon contact with the inviting softness of the mattress. Dream walked away after shutting the door behind him, his cheeks tainted the slightest pink.

He walked back to his own room downstairs after bickering back and forth with the texan for five minutes about whether or not he should go to bed. The answer was yes, Sapnap was exhausted and so he went to bed.

The blond smiled to himself as he realised that this is where Patches had run off to, the cat had made a comfortable spot for herself on Dreams bed. It occurred to him that this was the only room they hadn't been coming in and out of all day, sometimes his cat was just as antisocial as he was, on top of that she was just as sociable, especially knowing that at some point she would bounce back and demand attention from all three of them. She was an attention whore but she deserved every second of it.

There wasn't a ceiling fan in Dreams room and he wasn't entirely sure how he felt about it. He turned off the lights except for the small lamp next to his bed. The light just didn't bounce around his room the same way and the shadows didn't move as much. It had been a long time since he slept in a room that wasn't his childhood room, it was a weird feeling but one that he was more than willing to put up with given the rewards. Sapnap and George were asleep upstairs, closer to him than they had ever been before. That felt right.

Closing his eyes, he lay on his bed and listened to the silence while he let the thoughts float around in his head aimlessly, he felt a little bit at peace.

His eyes popped open at the sound of someone creeping down the stairs and he laughed to himself, he should have known there was no point in arguing with Sapnap.

## Chapter End Notes

alright guys, the next chapter is hella saucy. this is an "explicit" story and lets be honest there hasn't been much of that...  
in this house we stan plot with porn, because we've accidentally ended up with very limited doses...  
my question is, how soon do you want the next chapter??

also thank you guys so much for all the support on this shitty little story, honestly makes my day and i'm so excited when i see how some of you get hyped. honestly means the world

love love, hope you all enjoyed x

## on your knees for me

### Chapter Notes

and here is the smut you all asked for  
enjoy x

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dreams head snapped up at the sound of his door creaking open, a curiosity tugged at the corners of his lips as he watched the shorter but bulkier man make an attempt at discretely sliding through the door to his bedroom. “Sapnap?” Dream laughed. “What the hell? Dude, go to bed, you’re exhausted.”

Dream pushed himself up and turned around so he could sit at the edge of his bed, watching Sapnap as he gently pushed the door shut. Patches stood up in retaliation at the realisation that a new person had entered the room, she promptly jumped away from her spot at Dreams side and crawled under the bed.

Sapnap turned in one swift motion and before he had even made his way across the room towards the blond, he was whisper-yelling at him defensively. “Fuck no, I’ve waited months to see you. You think I’m gonna settle with a few cuddles on our first night together?” Dream grinned in response.

The noirette stood in front of Dream, placing himself between the others legs and forcing the floridian to look up at him. Although given their height difference, even when sitting down Dream didn’t have to tilt his head upwards that much in order to look the other in the eye.

Sapnap smiled down at him, bringing his hands up to hold the others face, his thumbs brushing over the scattering of freckles that covered lightly tanned cheeks. Dream grinned up at him as he gently clasped his hands around Sapnaps wrists, his toothy smile settling into something calmer and more relaxed as he hummed in contentment, the younger traced gentle lines with his index and forefingers across the curves of his face.

Fingers trailed down the bridge of his nose to the tip, across his cheek as it danced over the soft skin, connecting the freckles along the way. Edging down the line of his jaw slowly, arriving at his chin and finally reaching the corner of his mouth.

Dream had closed his eyes as he let himself enjoy the sensation of Sapnaps wandering fingers, allowing the other to explore the face he hadn’t yet been able to map out. A content sigh escaped him and filled the silence.

He chuckled quietly as he felt Sapnap gently blow warm air across his face, he blinked his eyes open just to see the noirette staring back at him with an infectious smile, his dark eyes looking over the blonds features with a warmth that brought the jittery feelings from earlier back with full force. Sapnaps finger traced over the bow of his lip delicately, brushing against the soft skin with curiosity before falling to Dream's bottom lip where he rested it, finger pressing against the plumpness delightedly. With a spark of mischief, Dream darted his tongue out quickly to lick at the salty tip of Sapnaps finger. The other grinned back at him with approval, an idea glinting in his eyes.

Sapnap hastily moved his hands away to grip at the nape of the older man's neck instead, pulling him closer and tilting his head as he leant down, brushing his lips against Dreams playfully. Heat

rose from Dream's stomach to his chest at the feeling of Sappnap's mouth pressed against his own. He let out a quiet whimper.

Sappnap pulled back with a soft laugh, right hand reaching up to brush Dream's hair out of his face and resting there as he leaned down again to kiss the blond. The blondian groaned at the feeling of the man standing above him tugging his hair roughly, causing a shiver to run down his spine as the other licked into his mouth eagerly.

They parted suddenly. Dream and Sappnap laughed and groaned respectively at the sound of the door shaking in the frame, Patches scratching at the bottom as she frantically tried to make her escape. The poor cat was discovering that there was no escape for her anywhere.

"Patches, girl! Why are you cockblocking me like this?" Sappnap whined as Dream pushed him away so he could stand up to go let the unhappy cat out of the room.

"Leave her alone, she's having a tough day." He tutted as he pressed the door shut again, careful to not close it too loudly even though the Brit upstairs was probably sleeping so soundly he wouldn't hear a thing anyway.

Sappnap sat on the edge of bed, now occupying Dream's old spot. "So am I."

"Yeah, sure." Dream huffed out a laugh as he came to stand in front of Sappnap, raising an eyebrow as he looked down at the texan sitting in his stolen spot.

With another idea brewing in the back of his mind, Sappnap grinned up at the tall blond before he reached out for him. His hands latched on to the other's hips, pulling him forward to stand between his legs. Smiling with victory at the role reversal.

Dream rolled his eyes but allowed the noirette to pull him down into another kiss, this time harsher. Sappnap slipped his hand under Dream's shirt, fingers tracing nonsensical patterns over his hip bone. The blond pulled away slightly and laughed lightly because of how ticklish it felt. His laugh made Sappnap feel dizzy and he bit on his partner's bottom lip gently in complaint, his tongue swiping over the reddened lip, and soon he was licking into the other's mouth.

Dream groaned, bringing his hands up to rest on Sappnap's shoulder, fingers dipping under the collar of his shirt to rub circles over any available skin in response to Sappnap's own affectionate touches. Their noses bumped briefly as the texan surged forward a little further, teeth clacking before Sappnap ran his tongue over Dream's.

Dream gasped when Sappnap pushed him, tearing his lips away from the other harshly with a gross wet sound, a mischievous grin full of rude ideas smiled back at him as the other placed his hand on his shoulders before he shoved him down. Dream's legs were already weak from being hunched over to kiss the texan, the force caused his legs to give in and he landed on his knees.

Realisation dawned on him with a knowing smile as he looked up at the noirette from between his legs. The blond's hands fell to Sappnap's thighs where he began rubbing back and forth over the thick grey material. Fingers digging in meanly every so often, nails scratching at the skin even through the fabric.

The younger man brought his hand back to Dream's face, stroking it as he had before. His fingers trailed under his chin and settled in the dip just below where his jaw ended, he pressed in a little, watching with satisfaction at the way his partner's eyes slid closed and a gentle groan rattled in his throat. He dug his finger in enough to watch the other's brows crease with the slight pain before retracting his fingers.

Dream looked back at him with curiosity, his mouth parting slightly. Sappnap's smile widened as he brought his thumb to Dream's mouth, resting it between the other's lips. Dream looked up at him

slyly, sucking on the tip as his hands wandered up tense thighs, digging in again harshly at the crease.

His eyes glanced at Sappnap's lap where his bulge was visible through the tented folds of his sweatpants. The Texan watched as the other looked down, quickly withdrawing the tip of his thumb from between Dream's wet lips and instead shoving his fingers in. Dream choked at the sudden and more aggressive intrusion, wide eyes snapping up to look at the other.

"I told you I'd get you on your knees for me, baby boy." The younger man bent down slightly and whispered, shoving his fingers into the other's mouth further. Dream gagged and started sucking, he closed his eyes and concentrated on the feeling of Sappnap's two fingers pressing down roughly, he felt his mouth start to pool with spit.

"Look at you, you're gagging for it." Dream stared up at him lazily, green eyes dark and pleading as his hands twitched towards Sappnap's bulge.

Sappnap stroked his fingers against the blond's tongue encouragingly, eliciting a moan from him before he tugged at the hem of his sweatpants. When the noirette pressed down on his tongue again he pulled down the other's sweats, releasing Sappnap's already swollen member.

A lewd gurgling noise escaped Dream's lips from around the intruding digits, eager fingers reached for Sappnap's prick, grasping at the base and tugging a few times. With a wanton moan Sappnap pulled his fingers back, spit slipped down the dishevelled man's chin.

The sight was obscene, wide glassy eyes stared back at him. He licked his plump red lips with heavy breaths, taking in as much oxygen as he could before diving forward and licking a stripe up Sappnap's prick. He stopped at the tip and suckled, tongue licking at the slit enthusiastically.

Sappnap's hand fell to the floridian's blond locks, fingers entwined and tugging harshly, eliciting a moan from the man on his knees before him that vibrated through him, a filthy moan falling from the noirette's lips.

"You're so good to me Dream, so so good."

Another hum of contentment shook him, the blond opening his mouth wider to start sucking more of the leaking cock into his mouth.

The noirette brought his hand down to stroke at the other's face, stroking over his cheek. "So eager to please, my pretty boy." He panted breathily at the feeling of the blond taking him down to the base and hollowing his mouth, just resting there for a moment as Sappnap twitched beneath him, resisting the urge to buck up. Dream took pity on him after a final tug of his hair and started slowly bobbing his head with a slow rhythmic tempo, building up the pressure.

He licked another stripe up the vein on the underside of the Texan's leaking member, tongue playing with the tip mercilessly before he engulfed him again. His nose nestled in amongst the younger man's pubes before he picked up the pace, tongue flicking with every movement.

Sappnap's grip in the other's hair tightened suddenly, to the extent that Dream winced at the pain. "Dream. Dre- Slow down, I'm gonna-" He was cut off with a groan as long fingers stroked at the base of his cock, sizzling heat in his abdomen growing dangerously close with a particularly pleasurable flick of the other's tongue.

The floridian looked up at him, cheeks flushed and eyes wide but ultimately full of cunning desire, a glint of delight behind bright, green eyes.

He bobbed his head a final time before lifting his head, the tip of Sappnap's cock leaving Dream's



mouth with a lewd squelch. The blond looked down at his good work with a satisfied smirk, he teasingly blew warm air over the tip of the Texans leaking cock, a shudder rattling him in response.

“God, Dream... C’mere.” Sapnap tapped his arm, shifting backwards a little.

He pulled him up, dragging him closer and bringing his legs to straddle his thighs. Dream immediately pushing forward to roll his hips, both groaned at the sensation of their erections rubbing together. Dream became more desperate, leaning forward, his tongue slipped into the noirettes mouth, running it across his teeth.

Sapnap was having none of that though as he sucked the tip of his tongue, massaging it against his own until they had to break apart, lungs desperate for the air they were being deprived of.

“Pants, off.” Sapnaps voice was husky and rough as he tugged off his shirt, kicking his sweatpants off and watching as Dream made quick work of his own clothes.

“Shit, Sapnap.” Dream whimpered as the shorter man pulled him back on top of him, hips grinding upwards, his hands grabbed at his hips, tugging their throbbing pricks together roughly, eliciting a moan from both of them. Sapnap left sloppy kisses over his jaw, he licked at the spot he had pressed on earlier before trailing down to the floridians neck. Biting and sucking as he left blooming marks on the lightly tanned skin alongside the array of freckles and small blemishes. Dream’s hands were urgent, tangled in Sappnaps hair and tugging.

Sapnap grew frustrated at the lack of friction and rolled them, so that Dream had his back pressed to the mattress with Sapnap caging him in, hands grabbing at his waist bruisingly. He pressed his hips against the other with a more brutal pace, lips leaving a trail of kisses over the blonds neck before biting down harshly, drawing a cry from the others lips. “W-wonder if George can hear, he’d be lucky. Bet he’d be driven crazy by how-” Sapnap was cut off by a loud groan. “How filthy you sound.”

His breath hitched at Sappnaps words while he rutted against him, “Wh-what?” he could feel him tremble as he thrust their hips together. Sapnap laughed down at him, a triumphant smile. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you Dream?”

He panted in response, brows knitting together. How did he know? “Sapnap, I-”

“You thought I didn’t notice how you always purposefully avoid the stories that involve him? We both know it wasn’t out of Respect to George. You always looked way too nervous for that...”

Dream looked back on the times he and Sapnap had read together. He couldn’t tell if their current predicament made these memories easier or worse to handle.

“Those pretty lips of his, bet you’re curious about what they could do...”

Dream whimpered, eyes sliding shut as a particularly hard thrust had his prick throbbing. “You sound- Ah, pretty curious yourself.”

Sapnap leaned up to look down at the blond with an adoring smile, eyes black with desire, before he ducked down to bite at Dreams neck again, enlarging his collection of purpling blemishes. Dream whined in response and wrapped his legs around Sappnaps hips, bringing the other closer. With every passing second, Sapnap sped up, Dream bucking his hips upwards to meet him with more urgency, tightening his legs around the other as they got closer to the edge.

The blonds hands were everywhere; cupping his jaw with each kiss, running down his chest and tickling up his sides, exploring the texans body relentlessly. His cries made Sappnaps skin prickle

and shiver while his head felt dizzy with pleasure as he panted against Dream's neck. "Fuck. Fuck Sap, I'm-" The older man cried out his name urgently, back arched and head thrown back. Sapnap thrust desperately, pounding his hips against him, erections rubbing as Dream burned his name into his skin as Dream fell over the edge with Sapnap not long behind him, spunk spilling over them both and covering their chests between them.

They were both still panting as the noirette collapsed down, bearing his weight on his elbows and nuzzling into the floridians bruising neck.

Dream smiled at the feeling of the younger man's goosebumps under the pads of his fingers, he traced shapes and outlined the curves of his bare skin as he ran his hands over the other's back. Sapnap shuddered under his touch, pulling himself closer into the warmth of the blond's body, he pressed a soft, lazy kiss to his collarbone and angled his sleepy face to look up at his.

His eyes scanned over the soft freckled features, tracing his face once again as he tried to memorise the composition of it. Dream gave him a tired smile, and so he kissed him gently one more time before he finally gave in to his exhaustion, this time utterly worn out.

## Chapter End Notes

y'all asked so nicely and since this story just hit 1000 kudos (thank you so fucking much, this is insaneeeeeee i am in awe guys, this dogshit story did not deserve 1k kudos <3) here is your chapter of dreamnap smut

the double upload this weekend is my treat to you, thank you for all the support you lovely people xxxx  
now back to the schedule that results in not posting an update for another 2 weeks :)  
that's a joke, don't worry (it might not be (sorry))

I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOYED let me know what you thinkkkk  
next up more angst, fluffy couchesque scenes, and eventual smut, cause you know...

## you should have just said

### Chapter Notes

an hour ago i decided; you know what? lets reread the next chapter and see if i can clean it up a little before i add anything new! you know what i did? i finished the chapter! if i was wiser i would probably wait till tomorrow to post it, cause i could take more time, maybe clean things up nicely... but you know what else? for me, it is tomorrow! so y'all get a chapter!

i am very tired and i'm about to pass out, so i hope this is still up to scratch this story was initially meant to be like, 10 chapters, but we're getting closer to 15 at this point. that information is useless to you but i'm rambling and someone might read it

anyway, enjoy! thank you again for all the support cause it absolutely does mean the world to me <3 and i'll see you all around, this time next upload might actually be in 2 weeks because the next chapters have not been started at all, but at least the plan is in motion...

g'night people (at least for me), love love xxx

Dream awoke feeling hot and uncomfortably sticky but the feeling of being snug and secure overpowered that. His eyes strained as he opened them, and he wasn't surprised by that because he hadn't closed his blinds last night.

He looked up at the sleeping noiret, a content smile warming his face. He wiggled in the other's arms just to receive a groan of complaint in response and he was held tighter. Somehow he had managed to latch himself onto Sappnap with his face pressed to the others chest, with his arms and legs wrapped around the shorter man, drawing him closer. He revelled in the fact that the texan hadn't been put off by Dream's clinginess, rejoicing in the cuddles himself by wrapping his arms around the other in return.

Dream closed his eyes for a beat, relaxing back into the warmth of his covers and the soft but sturdy arms that held him in place. He could hear Sappnaps heartbeat, he could feel the low drumming radiate through to him, harmonising with the sound of his own blood pulsing in his ears. It was all so quiet.

Thoughts whirled around in his head as his mind slowly woke up despite his decision to stay and to remain under the protection of his quilt and tucked away securely in the younger man's arms. His hand started to wander over the unclothed expanse of olive skin as he caressed Sappnaps back. His fingers found the noirets lower back, dancing across the soft skin and watching as he shivered. Dream chuckled to himself quietly, his hands settling and easing their teasing motions. He closed his eyes again, pressing his face to the others chest, lips brushing over the softness of Sappnaps torso. He smiled against his skin as he heard the sleepy man hum, drawing him closer again and nuzzling his face in the blonds hair.

As much as he wanted to fight it, Sappnaps embrace was becoming unbearably warm and Dream was often a restless person in the morning. His mind was wide awake and his muscles were twitching to move, his knees ached a little and he felt in desperate need of a shower. He also felt

really hungry, which was a rarity for him but given last night's activities he wasn't surprised that his body was demanding food.

With reluctant decisiveness he started pulling away from the Texans hold but not without some struggle. Initially, he had been the one to latch on but with a disgruntled whine, Sapnap coaxed him closer for a brief moment. The affection-driven noiret pressed his face to Dreams almost wavy blond locks again, inhaling deeply and sighing in contentment.

The floridian sighed, allowing Sapnap a few more moments of warmth as he himself had already indulged. It was only fair. "Sapnap..." He called out gently.

"Mean..." Dream laughed at the younger man's complaint as he let him go.

Dream pulled himself out of the bed, glancing at Sapnap who immediately rolled over onto his stomach, his entire being shifting to spread out across the centre of the bed, face shoved into the pillows. The taller man snickered to himself as he shuffled around the room picking up various clothing items and depositing them on his desk chair before he picked out his shirt from the previous day and a fresh pair of boxers.

He pulled the door shut behind him, gently enough to not make a noise. Looking up, he was met with warm brown eyes staring back at him from across the room in the kitchen. "Hey, I expected you to sleep-in past midday, at least."

George smiled back at him softly. "Yeah I know, but it's like 4 oclock in the UK so... You know, jet lag." He supplied, turning his back on the other as he looked back towards the boiling kettle. The brunet was dressed in far more layers than Dream, his hoodie and sweatpants contrasted with his t-shirt and lack of pants.

"Yeah that's fair enough. Are you cold?" The blond hummed, arriving in the kitchen.

"Ah, well kinda. Not used to the AC."

Dream nodded in response and silently turned it down a little, the air conditioning was on a pretty cool setting after all and despite the brit being accustomed to colder temperatures it was still an adjustment the floridian wouldn't question. It was too early in the morning to tease their lack of civility.

It didn't really matter to him that it was 11 o'clock, Dream wanted to eat cereal anyway and so he set about, manoeuvring around the kitchen, careful not to bump into George. Not long after his arrival Patches made her grand entrance as well. The cat had decidedly still not warmed up to the two strange boys in this foreign house alongside her owner, especially not since last night's disruption, but that wasn't enough to dissuade her from demanding food. The tabby cat yowled at him. She was used to being fed earlier in the day.

From behind him he heard the brunet shuffling loudly. "Um. I take it you, uh... You hung out with Sap?" George coughed awkwardly. "Last night..."

Dreams head snapped up to look at the shorter man who was shifting awkwardly next to the kitchen counter. "Uh, what makes you say that?" He couldn't help but soften as he looked at the gentle man before him, he felt privileged to see George when his warm brown eyes were puffy from sleep and he was mildly unkempt with tufts of brown hair flying out at strange angles. He looked pretty even when he was a mess.

He wasn't looking at him to begin with, but he turned his head away from the blond further, eyes locking onto the dripping tap instead. "Well- I'm not really sure, but you kinda have a massive

fucking bruise on your neck.”

“Oh shit.” Dream cursed, eyes widening as he ran off to grab his phone and angled the camera at his neck as he walked back into the small kitchen where the light was better, he let out a red-faced cry. A choked off gagging noise getting caught in his throat. How could he have forgotten about that. He had been fully aware of the txan latching onto his skin last night, peppering his neck with kisses. He usually had the foresight to remember he bruised easily.

George kept his back turned to him and began pouring boiling water in a mag. “You two, are masters of discretion.” He shook his head and made an awkward attempt at joking in an aim to ease the mood. Dream gawked at the image staring back at him on his screen, he was paying the price for his own forgetfulness.

A sudden thought occurred to him. “You uh, didn’t hear us last night did you...?” He glanced up at George timidly. Sapnap had asked the question last night, but he hadn’t given it any real thought until now. He was already embarrassed by Georges unease at just the sight of the painfully noticeable discolorations, the purple and blue hues that dotted his skin. He didn’t even want to imagine the awkwardness of George having actually heard them last night. But he had to know.

The brit was very much focused on his tea bag, the flimsy paper being dunked more times than necessary. “Yeah, um no. I didn’t.”

“Bummer.” Sapnap called out to the other two as he trudged out of Dream’s bedroom door. George’s eyes widened as they snapped to the dishevelled looking Texan. The third member of their trio wandered into the kitchen with an absent-minded look despite the fact that he was clearly paying attention to their conversation. He made a beeline for the fridge but was promptly cut off by Dream who made a move to stand in the noirets way, looming over him.

“Sapnap!” Dream rounded on the other, causing him to almost slam into the significantly taller man’s tensed frame. “What the fuck did you do?”

Sapnap finally looked at him, the grin on his face falling a little in realisation. “...Oh wow.” His eyes locked onto the mass of purpling blemishes that covered the pale skin of the floridian’s freckled neck. “Thats pretty bad.”

““Pretty bad”! Fucking shit, Sap.” Dream mocked.

“What did you do to him?” George called from besides them, eyes lingering on the discoloured marks with a peculiar look. His embarrassment obviously not sufficient to ease his curiosity, or as Dream had assumed, to further mock him.

Sapnaps head swivelled to grin at the brunet. “Wouldn’t you like to know, sleepy boy.”

With an exaggerated groan, Dream rubbed at his eyes before letting his hands drop to his sides. “Sapnap, I swear to god.”

He was answered with a singular quirked brow. “You weren’t complaining last night.” To which the blond glared. Motherfucker. Sapnap shrugged off the blonds peeved stares, a smug smile playing on his lips as he turned away, attention suddenly drawn to the still hot kettle that was steaming on the counter next to Georges grossly strong mug of tea.

The brit jumped at the opportunity to change the subject. “Right. Uh, coffee? Anyone?” Sapnap nodded enthusiastically, going to pull his own mug out of a cabinet while he continued to ignore the fuming floridian.

"I need to shower." Dream grumbled, giving up on his annoyance, to a certain extent.

Sapnap turned to face him again, mug in one hand while he stirred with the other. "Yeah, me too." He looked the blond up and down with a speculative look, clearly having come to a decision. "I'll shower after you, you got the brunt of it." Sapnap laughed, waving the spoon around as he made a crude hand gesture to further illustrate his point.

A teaspoon clattered against the counter behind them. "Guys, please. There are things I don't want to hear." George groaned, swiveling around and slamming his hands on the counter. That had to have stung.

Sapnap opened a kitchen cabinet, pulling out the cereal Dream had long since forgotten about. "Not sure I believe you Gogs." He teased. Dream glanced at the brunet again. He was staring straight ahead, jaw clenched.

"Leave him alone Sapnap. I'll be done in 15." Dream sighed, turning his back on the two shorter men and wandering down the corridor towards the stairs.

After a few days Dream's mom had called to check up on them, she had been exchanging texts with her son casually over the past few days but the woman had finally decided that it was time Dream formally introduced his two best friends to her. His sister had also expressed interest and at that point Dream felt he couldn't deny them this meeting.

It hadn't taken much convincing, if any at all, and so that evening the three of them clambered into the car made the short drive down to Dreams childhood home.

Once they arrived, Dream sort of lost track of the pair as they were all swept up by his family. It was a strange feeling to see his family and friends together, interacting with one another. They were two very separate groups of people in his life of almost equal importance but he had never thought of the two intermingling. For as long as he had known he wanted to meet Sapnap and George, he had thought that someday this event would come, but that didn't change the fact that he'd never given the idea any real space in his mind. It was surreal to say the least.

His mom settled into the motions of interrogating George on his britishness, not being able to keep her curiosity at bay, but nevertheless the brit answered every question with a smile and once all that was out of the way, they cheerfully discussed little Clay in his youth.

That was one thing that was incredibly strange to him; his friends called him Dream and his family called him Clay. He smiled as he watched George stutter over his name as he spoke to his mom, the name 'Clay' sounding foreign on his lips and the brunet couldn't quite make the name sound naturel, not in the same way that it rolled off his mother's tongue.

At the other end of the table, Sapnap had managed to get himself caught in a never-ending debate with his sister that Dream had refused to take part in, despite the pleading looks the texan was shooting his way.

After dinner the three had some time to spare before they had to drive home. They spent some time with Dreams family in the living room for a while but after a while Dreams younger brother had to be sent to bed, the younger boy was full of energy from the excess of people in his home so it was a struggle convincing him. His mom had had to go upstairs with him to get him to settle down, but his brother had requested Dream go upstairs with him to tuck him in. Dream obliged because it was his brother.

As he walked back downstairs with his mom they passed his bedroom door. Dreams head turned to

look out of principle, his mom caught the movement and under the condition that they were quiet, she suggested that he show his room to his friends.

Dream thought about it and once he arrived downstairs, he beckoned Sapnap and George to follow him, this time he did save Sapnap from a debate with his sisters.

The two eagerly followed, bickering back and forth in hushed whispers as they walked down the upstairs corridor, keeping to their promise of silence as to not trigger another hyper outburst from the younger brother down the hall. Neither Dream nor Sapnap had commented on it but between silent looks and glances sent the other's way, they had come to a mutual understanding that Georges behaviour had been odd.

For a few days he had been reserved with them, an uncomfortable reminder of the weeks they had spent mulling over George's absence. However in the presence of other people, the aloof brit seemed to have relaxed, he was once again sociable and cheerful with them. The other two didn't know how long this would last but they wanted to enjoy every moment with a happy George as much as they could.

Dream wandered in first, pushing the door open gently and flicking the switch to illuminate the room. He hadn't seen it for a few days but unsurprisingly it was the same as when he had left it. Before he could step any further into his childhood space, Sapnap and George burst past him. He spun around watching as the other two landed on his bed and cheered childishly. Sapnap cried out victoriously that he had been the first to lie on Dreams bed and George had shoved him off the side in protest.

A laugh bubbled up his chest and he began wheezing at the sight of the youngest man desperately scrambling to get on the bed but being pushed back by Georges swinging kicks, proclaiming himself as victor as he stood upright on the bed, bouncing slightly with an energized grin.

He pulled himself up from where he had been doubled over, laughing by the door, finally closing the door behind them and wandering over to his bed. In the back of his mind he recognised that they were already not being quiet in the slightest, and was thankful for the fact that they were staying in a completely different house 20 minutes away. For now though, the soundproofing he had covering his wall would have to be enough to not disturb his brother or upset his mom, he hoped.

With a carefree smile he tugged on George's sleeve, the brit looking down at him gleefully as he stood a solid 2 feet taller than the blond. "C'mon George, stop bullying him."

From the floor Dream and George heard the noiret cheering. Sapnap was on his knees at the foot of the bed with his hands planted on the edge determinedly, a shameless grin spreading across his face as he looked up at the older two, dark hair falling in his eyes.

Dream shook his head with a smile, looking back to George as he thread his fingers through Sapnaps soft hair.

The brit pouted at Dreams request. "He elbowed me, I'm within my rights."

"Yeah cause you landed on top of me!"

"Shut. Up. Sapitus Napitus, I did not." George's light laugh rang like a bell in the air, warming their chests as their eyes caught. Dream grinned at Sapnap as the memory flooded back to them both, he mouthed the words to the other silently, watching as the Texans eyes glared back at him. Shut up, Dream.

In retaliation, Sapnaps hands darted out to grab out the brunet's bare ankles, fingers curling around the thin joint deftly before tugging harshly. George screeched in surprise as he came tumbling down, arms flailing as he landed on the mattress with a bounce. Laughter erupted around them as Sapnap took the opportunity to scramble atop the bed, bed sheets and quilt long since messed up as

the eldest started wrestling the other off of him.

“Girls, girls, please.” Dream wheezed. “You can both sit on the bed, stop fighting.”

The blond laughed quietly as his comment went unanswered by the other two who were rolling about and huffing with flailing limbs as they tried hopelessly to push the other off the edge. Dream wasn't sure when the other two had acquired so much energy but a warm laugh escaped him again as he watched the other two bickering.

He stepped away from them for a moment to turn on his various lamps, his bedside, his desk, and the led wall sign. He turned off the ceiling light and he hummed in contentment at the comfortable glow of his room, ceiling fan whirring lazily, causing the familiar dancing shadows to bounce around the gently illuminated space.

Sapnap and George stilled as the ceiling light was switched off, heads snapping to face the floridian in question as the room around them suddenly became darker. Sapnap opened his mouth to speak but before he could utter a word George flipped them, shouting in success.

A dangerous thought crossed Dream's mind as his eyes trailed over his two friends. George may have been ignorant to the dubious way he was sat on top of the flushed texan, but Dream wasn't. His knees were bent either side of the bulkier man and his lower half was seated comfortably in the others lap. Sapnap grinned crookedly at the way he had suddenly found himself being straddled by the lighter man.

He pushed himself up abruptly, arriving face to face with George whose eyes widened at the sudden proximity, their noses touching and heavy breaths intermingling as they finally paused their struggling.

George swayed backwards, almost being thrown off of the noirets lap before he grabbed at Sappnaps shirt, hands braced on his shoulders to stop himself from toppling off.

“You like this position, Gogs?” Sapnap teased.

Dream watched with curiosity as the older man huffed, warmth creeping up his neck before he used his clenched hands to shove Sapnap back. The Texans shoulders hit the mattress and he gazed up at the brunet straddling him with a dazed smile. “You should have just said.” He snickered, hips bucking up teasingly. Dreams eyes widened at the same time as Georges, as the latter felt the unexpected thrust rocking him forward, his hands landing on Sappnaps torso to brace himself.

George's head fell, short brown hair not quite long enough to hide his clenched eyes and flushed cheeks. The floridian stilled and watched from the sidelines as the following silence encompassed them, he caught eyes with a wide-eyed Sapnap and he shook his head silently. You couldn't help yourself, could you.

“Don't flatter yourself.” Dreams eyes snapped to the previously silent brunet just in time to watch him grind down into Sappnaps lap, eliciting a shocked gasp from the latter, before he hastily detached himself from the blushing noiret. George brushed past him in silence and darted down the corridor before Dream heard the gentle footfall on the stairs. His head turned back to his bed as soon as he couldn't hear Georges rushed steps anymore.

Sapnap stared back at him, mouth agape. “Did you see that?” He breathed out in a hushed whisper. Dream nodded, his own cheeks blushing at the memory, the sight was going to haunt him. And judging by Sappnaps disheveled state and the even brighter flush coating the texans olive skin, the same could be said for him.

The pair wandered downstairs not long after that but not before Dream had the chance to tug the other off hastily up against his bedroom door. The short but sweet encounter with George being



more than enough to fluster the unexpected man.

“It was one thrust Sap.” Dream laughed quietly, breathing against the shorter man's ear. Sapnap hit his head against the door, huffing as he let the other tease him, there was no point in trying to fight it. “It wasn’t just ‘one thrust’ and you know it Dream.” He groaned, eyes clenching as he felt the blonds hand on him, the pressure building. “You saw it too.”

Dream chuckled, he had.

## george was gone

### Chapter Notes

ahaha remember when i said 2 weeks?? try 4...  
but hey this chap gets explicit!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap leaned forward from the back of the car, fingers reaching for the collar of Dreams turtleneck. “Was the turtleneck really necessary?” He whined.

The blond shrugged him off, the others fingers tickling him as they brushed gently over his skin. “Yes, it was, Sapanap. Because someone left a shit ton of suspicious marks all over my neck.”

“Your sister kept questioning me about it, cause you never wear ‘em.” The texan huffed with a laugh. Dream glanced back at him through the rearview mirror and if he looked past the amusement glittering in the noirets eyes he could see the remnants of stress. “Of course she did...” His sister was too sharp for her own good sometimes.

George continued to snicker quietly besides him. “Yeah what's this about a turtleneck sweater your mum bought you for christmas that you never wear Dream?” Dreams head turned to look at the entertained Brit immediately. The news that both of his more observant family members had commented on his attire not sitting well with him. He groaned at the idea that everyone was making it such a big deal. “I wear turtlenecks sometimes, it’s not a big deal-”

A snort cut him off from behind. “Yeah, no. Your sister was asking me about your secret girlfriend.” Sapnap supplied. Dreams eyebrows shot up in surprise. Way too sharp.

The short brunet who sat next to him in the passenger seat turned to look at Sapnap. “She makes a lot of assumptions.” Dream only paid it a little mind but he was surprised that George was engaging with them this openly. After the previous display of- whatever the hell that was, the floridian expected the other to be more reserved. He usually was. But he wouldn’t complain, they had already seen the alternative, this was better.

Sapnap nodded in agreement. “But she wasn't wrong, was she.” He speculated.

Much better.

George yawned partially as the three of them stumbled through the front door, Sapnap having pushed in front of them after Dream unlocked the door. “I don’t know about you two, but I’m really tired.” The Brit voiced quietly as he shuffled in after them.

The blond turned to him. “You’re not going to bed already are you?” He asked as he placed his shoes neatly against the wall near the door. George shrugged at him in response. “I mean, I kinda-”

Sapnap appeared between them, he shook his head and walked past them, kicking his shoes off by

the door haphazardly. Dream glared a little at the way they were left in the middle of the floor. “Nah, not happening. We’re watching a movie.” Dream and George shared a silent look and followed the texan into the living room, there wasn’t any point in arguing with him.

With a sigh, George removed his jumper and settled into the idea of a movie night with weary acceptance. “Okay, well what’re we watching?”

“The Hobbit.”

The Brit snapped back to life at that. “What? No. Sapnap, that movie is like 3 hours long.” Dream snickered at the way he was decidedly not too tired to bicker with the youngest man, who was clearly looking to drag this out just for fun. The Texan sat down in the centre of the couch with an entertained smile curling his lips. “It IS 3 hours long.” He purposefully didn’t look at George. Dream rolled his eyes at how easy he found it to wind the brunet up. He wasn’t surprised when he heard his name being called with a distressed cry.

He wandered over to the window and closed the blinds, turning around just in time to see George leaning over the smug Texan with his arms making lively gestures in the other's face. “Okay, Dream, tell him we’re not watching The Hobbit. It’s not even good.” That wasn’t gonna go down well.

“Hey! Shut up, The Hobbit is amazing.” And there it was.

George scoffed, arms folding over his chest as he looked down at Sapnap with a scrutinizing glare. “The book was amazing. The movie-”

“You literally built a hobbit house on the SMP, shut up hobbit boy.”

It occurred to Dream just then, that this could go on for a while. With a roll of his eyes he snickered to himself as he listened to the other two bicker back and forth. He set about preparing the movie, while he half-heartedly listened to the jabs his two friends were making at each other, he made his own decision. Once everything was ready he was thoroughly fed up with the arguing, although amused by their stupidity he turned towards them and descended on them with finality set in his tone. “Oh my God! Shut up! We’re watching Lord of the Rings.”

The two shorter men stared up at him in sudden silence, George dropped the couch cushion that he was waving above Sapnap's head threateningly. Without even acknowledging the disappearance of the looming threat, the noiret squinted his eyes up at the tall blond as he leant back into the sofa. “Isn’t that almost 4 hours long?” He questioned, scrutiny evident on his face.

With a shrug, George piped up, “Yeah okay, I’m down for that.” and plopped himself down on the couch besides Sapnap.

The latter rounded on him. “The fuck?”

The credits had barely started rolling before George was untangling himself from their mass of limbs. Miraculously he hadn’t fallen asleep during the movie, despite him having promised that he would. “Geooooorge!” Sapnap whined tiredly, his right side suddenly feeling cold.

Dream looked up at George when Sapnap wasn’t met with any response. The brunet's head re-emerged through the collar of his jumper as he tugged it over his torso. “You had me for 4 hours

longer than you were gonna get. Stop being greedy.” He supplied with a teasing smile and a shrug. He adjusted his sleeves as he walked away. Sapnap glared at him but called out to him warmly nevertheless. “I miss you already, Gogy.”

“Ew.” His face contorted in fake disgust, but a smile was playing at the corners of his lips.

Dream followed the texan’s lead, although with less mockery, and called out to the retreating brit with genuine intent. “G’night George.” Sapnap snickered lazily to himself. “Yeah, nifty night. Love you.”

“Gross. Night.”

“Say you love us!” Dream shouted at him as he vanished from their sight.

“Good night!”

“He’s so rude.” Sapnap continued to stare at the archway he had just seen the Brit disappear through, dark eyes lingering on the empty entrance before he turned back to Dream with a mischievous curve to his lips. “Just so you know, we’re not going to bed yet.”

The blond glanced at him, confusion lacing his tone. “Okay?” He had thought that was obvious since neither of them had made a move to stand alongside George.

“We’re reading.” Right, Sapnap’s logic was becoming more obvious to him now.

“Okay.” He grinned at the noiret knowingly. He allowed the other to take his phone from his pocket where he hastily opened a private browser and began scrolling through the explicit tags. Dream smiled, folding his arm on the couch behind them where he leant his head so he could watch over Sapnap’s shoulder, his other hand came to rest on the other’s thigh where he began drawing gentle circles. “You’re still horny from earlier, aren’t you.” He leant his head forward long enough to whisper in the younger man’s ear teasingly.

He chortled as he pulled back, Sapnap turned to stare back at him in mock sadness. Dream wheezed at the desperate look the other was putting on as he began grumbling. “It’s really not fair, Dream! You saw it!” The image from earlier flashed through his mind, he blushed at the memory. No, he couldn’t deny that he hadn’t been utterly absorbed by the mesmerising scene that had played before him that evening. “I did.”

Dream’s hand trailed over Sapnap’s hip, skimming up and down the younger man’s tensed upper thigh and wandering over to caress gently at the growing bulge hidden under the denim of Sapnap’s nicest jeans. The floridian’s mind was already running miles ahead and he wondered silently to himself if Sapnap would care if they got dirty.

Before the thought could go any further, the blond found his wrist trapped in the younger man’s grip. He looked back up at Sapnap’s face as soon as his wandering hand was stopped in its tracks. He locked eyes with wanton black pools that stared back at him unabashedly. “God, Dream.” Sapnap tugged him forward just as he began leaning towards the noiret, their lips meeting almost bruisingly.

Sapnap groaned, pulling away just long enough to hiss at the teasing blond. “Get up here.” To which Dream obeyed willingly, allowing himself to be tugged onto the other’s lap where he placed himself contently, legs now either side of jittery hips, lower half settled above trembling thighs. He

almost toppled over at the sudden movement but Sapnap held him back, their laughter rang throughout the room.

"Sapnap." Dream gasped, his laughter cut off as he was suddenly thrust upwards a little, the man under him having bucked teasingly, much in the way he had with George earlier, on Dreams bed.

The blond glared at the grinning man, his cheeks were flushed, a tiny barely even present dimple sneaking its way onto his face. Dream stared back, Sapnap was pretty.

But he wanted to wipe that dizzying smile off his face more than anything, so he dipped his head down to the crook of Sapnaps neck where he began mouthing at the Texans throat. The noiret in question hummed, he tilted his head to the side, eyes closing as he indulged in the feeling of Dreams teeth grazing soft skin. "What're you doing?" He murmured quietly, a bashful grin morphing into a lazy smile that gave him an air of tranquility, despite the energy building up inside him, ready to burst.

Dream clenched his hands against the soft fabric covering Sapnaps chest. "Revenge." He barely lifted his mouth more than a second to utter the word. He withheld a groan as Sapnap laughed, the laughter causing vibrations throughout his whole body and travelling to Dream where it rubbed them together just the right way. Sapnap placed his hands on the others hips, pulling him closer and eliciting another groan from the pair just before the blond licked over his adams apple. "You know I don't bruise right?"

His attention was drawn away from Sapnaps hands long enough to give an answer. "Bullshit." His thoughts couldn't help but wander to the way his hands were gripping him, sturdy and firm, holding him in place like that's where he belonged to be.

He kissed up his neck, teeth grazing over the lightly stubbled jaw. He didn't linger for long, Sapnap groaned in complaint and reluctantly removed his hand from where it had slid down to grip at the blonds thigh, he reached for Dreams cheek and tilted his head back so he could kiss him. His tongue darting out to lick at Dreams lips, a guttural sound escaped him as the gangly man on top of him satisfied his request and fed his desire, opening his mouth eagerly for the other.

Dream leant into him, Sapnap licked into his mouth, a shiver ran down his spine at the sensation. He brought his hand up to the Texan's collar, his thumbs brushed over Sapnaps collarbones before he had a brighter idea, he pressed his finger into the abused skin on the younger man's neck. He laughed into the kiss as he felt Sapnap shudder under him but the latter wouldn't let him move away to breath, instead he pushed back against him, teeth clashing.

He smiled as he suddenly realised he could feel Sapnap under him, he couldn't resist the urge and before he could second guess himself, Dream was moving his hips back and forth slowly, dancing in little circles. He whined, he could feel the heat of Sapnaps prick rubbing under him through all the layers of bothersome fabric. He gasped, eyes clenched tight. Before he could get too carried away he felt fingers drumming against his thigh, Sapnap pulled back and he snapped his eyes open. The younger man looked disheveled, plump lips red and bitten, black eyes glinting with appreciation in the darkness. "Get off."

The taller man frowned, "What?" grip loosening as he straightened up a little and looked down at the messy figure sitting under him.

Sapnap smiled up at him, leaning up to peck him on the lips. "Get off. You don't think you're getting away with doing That without me doing anything about it, right?" Rough hands squeezed his thighs.

Dream's eyes widened and he carefully but hastily stood up from where he'd been straddling the other. He stared rather than watched as Sapnap stood up after him, standing in front of him but not

touching him as he pulled his shirt off over his head. He couldn't help but reach out and feel the soft skin of Sappnap's waist. He smiled at the way he shivered at the touch, ticklish, he thought. The two undressed per Sappnap's request, clothes were quickly discarded and the noirets' jeans were set aside carefully.

Sappnap patted the couch. "Here." He gestured for Dream to lie back, another request to which Dream complied. He sat back with his head leant against a cushion, he watched the noiret with quiet anticipation.

Sappnap returned, he spared a moment to look Dream over, admiring the way the blond was splayed out for him so prettily, lightly tanned skin tinted a pale blue because of the glow from the television, firm chest rising up and down with shallow breaths, long legs bent at the knee and spread.

Dream's eyes widened slightly, even though he was expecting it, as Sappnap placed himself between his legs, hands coming up to rest on his knees. His fingers curled into the soft skin under his knees, Dream made a small noise as his legs were moved just that little bit more, thumbs rubbing soothing circles into warm skin. He glared at the way Sappnap smiled down at him in satisfaction but the bright red tint of his cheeks that travelled down his neck and coated his chest dulled the fire behind his scowl.

Neither of them said anything for a beat, the two were utterly captivated by the sound of the cap popping open in the quiet room, their jittery breathing wasn't enough to cover up the squelch of smooth liquid leaving the bottle and dousing Sappnap's fingers in wetness.

The hands on his knee squeezed gently, Dream looked back up to the Texans' face. He leant over him, hovering and in his eyes the blond could see the silent plea for him to look at him. He reached a hand up to cup the noiret's cheek, a tender smile curled his lips at the way Sappnap turned his head to kiss his palm, warm breath fanning over clammy skin.

His eyes widened and he released a pent-up breath, as he felt a singular wet finger brush against his entrance. Sappnap took the opportunity to kiss him, pulling away from the support of his palm and diving in to capture the older man's gasp. He claimed the other's mouth far more delicately than he had early, not wanting to distract himself from his circling finger prodding against the ring of tight muscle before pushing in, he wanted to hear and feel every reaction he could extract from the giving man he had at his mercy.

He pulled away as he pushed in deeper. "I'm sad." He smirked at the focused look the blond was sporting, brows furrowed and freckled nose scrunched up. He started peppering light kisses anywhere he could, relaxing tensed features.

"Why?" Dream breathed out and laughed at the soft wet pecks that tickled his skin.

"You didn't prep for me?" Dream snorted in response, dazed state dispersing enough for him to express himself. "Sap, we went to my parents for dinner with my family. Why the fuck would I prep."

Sappnap beamed at him, revelling in the way Dream twitched as he pressed in further, knuckle meeting the rim as he stroked at his insides with an excruciatingly slow pace. "Don't pretend you have standards, you jerked me off earlier." He pulled out and began working in another finger.

A gasp caught in his throat. "Fuck off." Dream couldn't muster the energy to think, not when Sappnap was doing that.

"Are you sure you want me to do that?" He paused his movement, knowing it felt dissatisfying. He enjoyed the way Dream was gawking back at him, the hand he had on his biceps slipping a little, he was in two minds.

A shudder crept up his spine and he hissed. He cursed the teasing dickhead who was purposefully wiggling his fingers just enough for him to know he was doing it but not enough for him to find any fulfillment in it. "No. No, continue."

The noiret smiled and crooked his fingers, delighting in the way Dream's face twisted, he prodded at his prostate again just so he could revel in the way the blond shivered and grasped onto him tighter, pulling him closer.

He could feel him tremble as he ran his fingers over that spot again, this time he pushed his fingers in a little deeper, a little harder. He took it a step further with every passing second, Dreams legs tightened around him as he brought the floridian closer to the edge, but he pulled back before he could push him too far.

Sapnap pressed his face to the crook of Dreams neck, breathing him in and letting out a shuddering his breath. With his left hand he curled his fingers around his hardening prick. He groaned at the feeling of the lanky man shuddering on his hand, pushing back and against him and clenching around his fingers. He palmed himself slowly, allowing himself to feel something but not forgetting what his primary task was. He grinned against the others neck as Dream let out a particularly loud whine, his fingers brushing against his prostate harshly.

"You okay?" He muttered, lips catching on the soft skin of Dreams neck, words slightly muffled.

Dream panted, the hot breath fanning over his neck, and the exploring fingers consuming his thoughts, the addiction of plump lips tracing over still fresh bruises was driving him near wild. "It's weird." He thread his fingers into Sapnaps hair on impulse, his teeth tickled him.

The noiret took pity, "Weird?" he pecked his neck one last time before drawing away. "I've only ever done it to myself." Sapnap nodded, not feeling up to giving a response as his hand stilled over his prick. Another finger, it went in easier than the last two. A spark in Dream's abdomen shocked him as he rocked back on Sapnaps hand, the sound of the texan groaning approvingly in his ear spurring him on. Sapnap resisted the urge to stroke himself again, the quiet sounds Dream was making were bordering on too much for him, another bout of excitement.

A laboured breath escaped Dreams lips. "I think..." He paused as his mind struggled to focus on anything but the feeling of Sapnaps fingers spreading him wide. "I think I'm good."

Sapnap crooked his fingers again, brushing against that sensitive spot and watching as Dream keened. "I think you're right." The corners of his mouth curled upwards slightly as he looked down at the sight before him. The blond was being so pliant for him, the muscles under freckled skin tensed in response to every little twitch of his fingers; unfamiliar sensations causing him to tremble, the quietest of noises breathing out from between parted lips.

He slowly pulled his fingers out, laughing at the frown on Dreams face at both the silent sound he shouldn't have been able to hear and the sudden feeling of vacantness. The taller man glared up at him before pulling himself up and pausing for another moment. Sapnap waited again, watching him silently before he allowed Dream to push him back by the shoulder. He peered back at him with curiosity. "Sit back." He did as he was told.

Dream stood and looked Sapnap over where he sat with an approving gaze, he reached out to trail his hand over his chest. He moved in silence, no words were uttered between the pair as he held the bottle of lube in his hands. The noise the cap made this time seemed quieter, or maybe it was just that they were more tuned into the sound of each other, more absorbed in themselves and less aware of what was around them. Dream leant forward, kissing Sapnap gingerly, he wasn't sure why but he felt the need to be gentle. He wrapped his hand around the noirets member, coating it in wetness. Sapnap gasped, it was cold; Dream had done that deliberately.

He wiped his hand off on Sappnap's leg, dark hairs matting together against the paler skin of his thigh. The Texan held in a breath as Dream clambered up onto his lap, long legs positioned themselves over him awkwardly once again. The pair gasped as their lower halves brushed, this time with no fabric to separate them. Dream steadied himself by placing his hand on the other's shoulder, the skin felt clammy under his palm.

He reached under himself with his other hand, the shorter man muffled a gasp as Dream grasped his prick in his fingers, positioning his member at his entrance. "Don't move." He whispered.

The tip pressed against him, coating his hole with extra lube, it slipped in easily and Dream stilled, the hands on his waist tightened. "Shit, Dream." Sappnap clenched his eyes, his chest heaved while he mustered all the energy he had to not thrust up too soon. Dream made sure to look Sappnap in the eye, the other staring back at him tenderly, warmth coating his cheeks as his lips parted.

Dream inched down some more, gasping at how full he felt. He couldn't possibly compare Sappnap's fingers to having his prick inside him. "Fuck. I know." He choked out.

Dream bottomed out and he stayed like that for a moment. "You okay?" He leaned forward, resting his forehead against Sappnap's chest. "Dream?" The younger man asked, his hand reached up to rest in blond locks, his fingers massaged his scalp in an effort to be comforting.

After a beat of silence Dream answered. "Yeah yeah, just give me a minute." He wiggled his hips slightly, a cause for Sappnap to hiss with restraint. He still didn't move, despite the tempting warmth that encompassed him. He tried not to think about it too much, tried not to think about how Dream was straddling him, how he was inside Dream, his cock up his ass.

The blond sat back up, Sappnap's fingers dropped from his hair and fell to his hip, he gripped the joint tightly. He stared up at Dream, he tried not to let his desperation show but he knew that if the man above him looked down he'd see just how wrecked he was.

"Shit. Okay." Dream muttered.

Sappnap stared back, not daring to move. "Okay?"

The blond rocked his hips down harshly, a groan escaped from them both. "C'mon Sap." He didn't waste a moment, Sappnap bucked up into Dream's tight heat, eliciting a cry from him. "Ah, fuck!"

He grunted as he thrust his cock into him, leaving no space between them, Dream stretched around him to encompass his prick. He set a slow but steady tempo between them, building up the pressure as Dream ground his hips down to meet him.

Sappnap pressed his face to Dream's chest, his lips caught on the other's nipple and he paused his bucking, he licked, sucking the bud into his mouth. Dream whined, his fingers tugged at the noire's mess of black hair, he started rolling his hips in an attempt to feel any kind of feeling of release. He wasn't content to have Sappnap's prick unmoving inside him. The Texan relented, he gave the reddened bud a final lick before he drifted up Dream's chest to his neck where he left sloppy kisses. His hands found their place back on his hips, fingers spread wide and digging into the soft skin where he'd be sure to leave bruises. He thrust up into the dazed blond, a groan of pleasure escaping him as he did so.

A moan of delight fell from Dream's lips as he pulled him down on top of him, hips grinding and hands wandering, Sappnap revelled in it.

Dream cried out, a wave of shock shaking him as Sappnap struck his prostate. "Again!" He choked out a feeble shout, his fingers finding their way into black locks and tugging desperately. "Do- Do that again!"



A lazy grin spread across Sapnaps face, a light laugh shook his frame. “You know what you gotta do for me, baby boy.”

Dream looked to the ceiling, groaning in annoyance, he cursed Sapnap for always making things so difficult. “Please!” He wailed, fingers digging into the noirets shoulders. He resented the fact that the other showed no reaction other than that infuriating smirk. “Please, Sap-”

Another harsh jolt had his mind momentarily blank, he was sure he must have made a horribly loud noise because Sapnap slapped his hand over his mouth. “Dream!” He squawked, hushed laughter bubbling up his throat and falling from his lips easily. “Dream, you gotta be quiet.” The floridian recognised the request but the look of approval Sapnap was giving him was misleading and he purposefully let out another lewd noise to provoke the noiret. He was faced with dilating pupils, barely visible due to the blackness of already pleased inky eyes, and a darkening blush that painted bright cheeks.

“Think of George.” The instruction was strict. Dream’s eyes widened and he quietened immediately, noises hushed but ever present as he bounced in Sapnaps lap, trying helplessly to contain himself. The texan rewarded him, his efforts doubled, by pushing himself up into the blonds burning heat with purpose and yearning.

Dream looked up past Sapnaps head when he caught sight of something in the archway, his eyes locked with warm brown ones. A dazed grin spread across his face as he stared at the figure with hooded lids, the brunet gawked back, frozen to the floor where he stood. His hands on Sapnaps shoulders tightened their grip as the blond held in a groan. He stared back at the silent figure, a moan escaping his lips as the younger man under him rocked up into him. He smiled in satisfaction at the way George's eyes widened, his lips parting at the sight in front of him.

Sapnap could feel him clenching around his length, his skin prickled and his head was dizzy with pleasure. He thrustured desperately, pounding his hips into him as Dream chanted his name, mumblin quieter as to not go against Sapnaps request.

“George...” The sound of another name being whispered from between Dreams lips caught him off guard, George, but the thoughts the name elicited weren’t unwelcome. Dream wrapped his arms around Sapnaps neck, pulling his face to his chest while the blond buried his own in the Texans dark locks, his fingers grasping at black hair desperately, twirling it between his digits, anything to ground himself even a little. He whined out to Sapnap as he rolled his hips against his in perfect synchronicity with his thrusts. The noiret felt light-headed. George, George, George... He wanted so hopelessly to have both of his boys together. He cried out for Dream.

He felt himself nearing the edge and so he reached a hand down between them to grasp at the floridians neglected member. He made quick work of Dream, the other falling apart above him as he whispered praise into the blonds ear, tugging at his prick in rhythm with his own laboured thrusts. Dream came in his hand, cum spurting over their abdomens, crying out louder than he should have and latching onto the younger man. He continued rocking himself on Sapnaps prick, riding out his own orgasm but not forgetting that Sapnap had yet to cum.

The noiret kept thrusting up into him despite Dream’s quiet whimpers, he slowed down for a beat but the blond held him tighter, pleading into his ear for him to continue. His movements became jittery and he gasped at the feeling of blunt nails digging into his back. He wrapped his arms around Dreams waist, burying his head in his shoulder and nuzzling his face into his neck, panting heavily and breathing in Dreams scent as he bucked a final time.

Dream shuddered above him at the sensation of being filled, gasping quietly.

Sapnap hugged him to his chest closer. "So good... So good for me, baby boy." He praised, words muffled as he peppered Dream's shoulders with kisses, the blond hummin in response as he drew delicate circles over the texans shoulders, his skin was soaked with moisture. Dream was sure he couldn't be looking much better, he could feel his hair plastered against his forehead. A thought crossed his mind.

When he looked back up, George was gone.

## Chapter End Notes

that was the newest chapter, i'm so sorry it took such a long time to arrive. it's just been that time of the year where life has been getting in the way, i'd like to say that that's the end of it butttt it probably won't be... ouch sorry

i promise that i'll try not to do another 1 month long disappearing stunt! i'm seriously so touched by the fact that some of you have been loitering in the comments, i see y'all! i'm shit at answering comments but even so i want you to know i see you and i appreciate you! <3

i hope that this extra long, and also ever so slightly explicit, chapter makes up for it a little! and i also hope that it wasn't too much of a disappointment! i haven't been able to write actively for a while and this was a pretty hefty chapter to start off with, i'd like to think i didn't do it dirty and that it's satisfactory! if it isn't, well fuck

let me know how y'all are doing! whats on your mind, i'm out of touch with ao3 at the moment, what the hell is going on??

thank you thank you thank you for reading! hopefully i'll see you all here again sooner rather than later! :))) <3 <3

i'm tired

## things would work out, eventually

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream lay in bed, the warmth of Sapnap at his side radiating through him, the blankets that pooled around them kept him snug and he wiggled his feet a little under the covers, the sheets were cool against his skin and they felt soft as he toyed with them. Eventually he settled, the bottom of their bed was warm and sleep started to tug at him enticingly. He inched closer to the still and silent noiret, dark locks had fallen across the others forehead, waving back and forth as gentle breaths swayed them, the hairs were tickling his cheek so as much as he didn't want to, he retreated a little.

He enjoyed this routine, falling asleep with someone besides him. It was a stark contrast to the feeling of loneliness that had been nagging at him for so long, Dream, alone with his spiralling ceiling fan. It was dark in his room, but he didn't care, not all that much. This was nice, and he enjoyed crawling into bed now, it didn't feel like he was hiding from things. But as much as his heart told him that, his head didn't seem to agree.

Just as he felt that he was drifting off, something occurred to him.

He remembered looking up, and there in the archway he was met with startled brown eyes.

George was there. Holy shit, George had been there. He sat up suddenly, warmth from the blankets escaping and dispersing into the cool night air. Dream had no idea for how long the brunet had stood watching them, he cursed himself for having been so out of it that he didn't even realise that he wasn't just fantasizing.

His hands wove their way into the sheets, grasping harshly as the cushiony fabric. The brit hadn't just manifested himself in the blond's mind, he hadn't just been a figure of his fancy, of his own yearning. No. George had actually been there; eyes wide, fists clenched, frozen to the floor where he stood. Caught by the sight of his two closest friends getting off, together. George knew that the pair were an item of sorts, but even so.

Dream had called out George's name. Fuck. He had called out his name. Shit, shit, shit. He drew himself further away from the comfort of his sheets, instead crawling towards the edge of the bed and mindlessly dragging the quilt along with him, the texan beside him groaned in complaint. This was bad. A cold shiver ran down his spine, his brows drawing together tighter just as his feet touched the cold floor. This was really, just, awful.

"Dream..." He turned his head, the sound of his name on the groggy noiret's lips bringing him back to himself a little.

Outstretched arms beckoned him back, and he couldn't find it in himself to turn away from the other, as much as he didn't want to sleep, when given the opportunity he didn't truly want to choose the cold over this comfort. He somewhat reluctantly settled back into Sapnap's open arms, his back pressed to the shorter man's chest. He clenched his eyes tightly, begging his mind to stop. He'd been here before and he hated it, he just wanted it to stop, he just wanted to go to sleep and pretend that none of this fucked up shit had happened. Just, stop. He would sort it in the morning, he would handle it. The look on George's face.

It was silly of him really, to underestimate his own head, he snickered bitterly. There was always going to be something.

Sapnap squeezed him tighter and Dream held his breath in return. He felt the other blow against the back of his neck, his breath fanning across goosepricked skin gently, he felt the way the flurry of air blew the hairs at the nape of his neck back and forth, rhythmically.

And he breathed out shakely, he honed in on the feeling of the noirets bare chest heaving soothingly behind him, the regular beating of Sappnap's heart resonating through him. One. Two. Three. He counted each thump as it shook him. Four...

It was late in the morning by the time the floridian crept out of his room, this time successfully leaving the heavy sleeper behind. He thought it was a miracle that he had slept, and had slept for such a relatively long time at that. Although that being said, it hadn't been a good sleep. It hadn't been a good one at all. He felt silly about how he had acted last night. He didn't like when he got that upset over things, it made him feel weak. Though he recognised that that thought in itself wasn't right at all, but he couldn't help but feel stupid for acting out like that. He was going to sort things out.

He enjoyed the quiet in the house, which is something that he had grown to appreciate. When he was sharing a home with his family it was always a little loud and absolute silence was a rarity. Sharing a house with Sappnap and George wasn't much quieter at times, when the three of them were awake there was often some form of noise; Sappnap's loud cries that resonated from the living room whenever he monopolized the television, or even when he was in his own room at his computer. George was moderately quiet in the grand scheme of things but he tripped over himself one too many times and he was far too susceptible to teasing and prodding from both Sappnap and Dream, his willingness to be lead on by others and his natural inclination towards squabbling made him a reliable source of amusement. Dream liked to think of himself as quiet but he wasn't, he liked being around people and if he had the opportunity to draw energy from others he would, to rile up his friends, to immerse himself with liveliness and to go off like a tea kettle. But somehow the three were quiet more often than not; when they were loud it was almost unbearable, not that any of them would complain. But when they were quiet, they couldn't possibly enjoy each other's company more. They had spent a significant amount of time lounging around, basking in each other's presence.

Suffice to say, the house was quiet which wouldn't be unusual if it weren't so late in the day. When he went to feed Patches he found that the bowl had already been filled.

His mind was still slightly groggy from having emerged from bed not too long ago, although he was reasonably alert due to being awake for already quite some time. He had laid there for probably 20 minutes, hidden under the covers and face pressed to Sappnap's chest, the warmth was enticing. But in the end he had reluctantly pulled himself away, this time the noiret was sleeping far too deeply to show any sign of complaint.

But nevertheless, the floridian connected the dots. It hadn't been Sappnap, and Dream had only just woken up, so it had been George. The brit was awake and up and about, then why was it so quiet. Usually Dream would enjoy this, the rare moments of morning silence, but not when his mind was like this. He scoured the house half heartedly, he didn't really want to admit to himself that that's what he was doing, but after last night needed to know where George was, needed to know that things were alright because his mind was running a mile a minute all of a sudden and it felt like that's how things had been since the previous night. Where was George.

When it came down to it he realised that the usual living spaces were empty; the kettle hadn't been boiled and no cup was sat in the bottom of the sink, the shower hadn't been used, the glass was clear and the shower mat was dry. And so that's how he found himself in front of the brunets bedroom door, adorning a frown.

After a moment he caved, he poked his head around the door, hesitation bypassed by his

overwhelming need to know. What he'd hoped to see was a dark room with an indiscernible mass of blankets, his frown deepened. The shades were open, light shone through the air brightly, golden rays bouncing off of the specs of dust that floated around the room. The blond's eyes landed on the mess of sheets, the crooked and crumpled pillows having been visibly slept on and shoved against the headrest. So George was awake, but he wasn't in the house.

Dream found himself in the living room, he settled himself on the couch but it felt strange. It was so quiet and things almost felt cold, it was almost as if he were staying in a house that wasn't his own. He was waiting for the owner to wake up, but until then he was a guest who was awake too early, who didn't know how to use anything, didn't want to touch anything in fear of making a mistake. He wouldn't turn on the television because it felt too obtrusive to just make himself at home like that, he wouldn't make a cup of coffee because that would mean rummaging through someone else's cabinets.

He knew it was irrational, because this absolutely was his house, a rented one but even so, it was his. But the tension that ran up his spine didn't help, he felt like an outsider in his own space. He tucked his feet under himself, they were starting to get cold, and he pulled out his phone to distract himself with notifications. And he sat there in silence. Where was George.

Some time later he heard the lock click. At the sound of the front door opening, a rush of silent relief flooded him, his cheeks warmed a little. "George!" Dream exclaimed, all too enthusiastically and he surprised the quiet brunet as he walked through the door, the latter jumping a little at the sudden burst of noise. The brunet stared at Dream, a puzzled frown expressing his emotions for him. The blond was quick to give a speedy explanation. "Uh hey! I was wondering where you were."

George nodded. "Oh." A weak smile adorning his lips before he looked away.

He followed the Brunet into the kitchen. He's wearing running shoes, so he's been running, Dream speculated. "Ha, so uh... Jogging?" He asked calmly, trying to make an attempt at pretending he had never been concerned in the first place.

"Yeah," A breathless, light laugh. "jogging." Dream's smile widened, stretching across his face brightly but he knew it felt forced.

He stepped to the side as George walked towards him, arm reaching out to open the fridge. He leant against the kitchen counter lazily, arms folded behind his back and gripping at the edge where his body made contact with the hard countertop. "Since when do you jog?" His attempt at an amicable conversation was met with a hesitantly silent shrug. The damp and dishevelled looking brunet knocked back half a bottle of water, Dream watched him, hoping the other would look back at him with some kind of sign that it was only him, that things weren't in reality weird. But instead George turned away from him, without sparing him a glance, warm brown eyes looked right past him. "Right."

But eventually George did look at him, if only for a second. "I'm gonna go shower." And with that he turned away again. The blond's eyebrows drew together once the other left, his footsteps pattering up the stairs quietly. They exchanged so few words, but he wasn't sure if he was imagining things. He didn't really trust himself to not imagine things. At least he knew where he was.

George started streaming a lot, usually he would stream maybe once a week but recently he had streamed for three days straight. They had decided to keep the fact that all three of them were

together in Florida quiet, at least for the moment. This meant that neither Sapnap nor Dream could join in on the streams all that much; they couldn't show up in the background because George always had his webcam on, they couldn't really jump on discord because it would be too easy to hear each other from other rooms. They hadn't put up any soundproofing that was good enough to do the trick yet, and so their presence in George's streams was limited, instead the Brit would chat with Quackity or Karl.

But that didn't stop Dream from watching the streams on his phone from the safety of some distant location in the house, this time the chosen location was the kitchen. Dream had propped his phone up against a coffee mug and he had lifted himself onto the counter, back leaning against the tiled wall so he could watch the stream while being in Sapnap's company, without getting in his way. The Texan was digging around in cabinets trying to see what he could find. Dream's mom had been providing them with homemade dishes but they had run out, and at some point they were going to have to stop relying on her, so Sapnap thought it would be a good idea to give cooking dinner a go.

"What if we ordered Pizza?" His resolve wasn't particularly strong. On top of that he was met with silence, he turned to look at the concentrated blond. "Dream." Dark eyes glanced between the screen and the intent look that Dream wore.

"How does he do that..." The Floridian muttered, not finding it in himself to be able to tear his eyes away from his phone to look at the approaching noiret.

Sapnap placed his hands on Dream's knees, standing next to him as he looked back at the stream alongside him. "Do what?"

"Just, switch it on..."

Confusion flashed across the Texan's face. "The pizza? Dude, that's not what I said." In response Dream finally looked back at him, with a comparable amount of confusion. Realisation dawned on him, "Huh? What? No. Sap, just look at this." and he tugged the shorter man closer and gestured to his phone.

Still none the wiser as to what the point that Dream was trying to make, Sapnap raised a critical eyebrow. "That's George's stream."

"Yeah stop being so fucking smart. How does he seem?"

"Normal." He shrugged.

"Yeah, normal." He muttered, gaze returning to the screen with a perplexed look. "He's been giving us the cold shoulder for days now. Like, the other day, he wouldn't say more than a word at a time to me unless he has to."

"Maybe he's just being cranky, like you said; since when does George jog." He shrugged, turning away from the other to continue speculating over dinner.

Dream sighed, "I dunno..." he looked over at his phone one last time, George's bubbling laugh rang in his ears. He closed the stream and exited Twitch, he wouldn't think about it anymore.

Except that that was the biggest lie that he could have possibly come up with. It didn't take long for Dream to start getting uncomfortable on the kitchen counter, and Sapnap

didn't really need to be in there anymore, it wasn't like he was actually going to cook anything, at least not with their ingredients consisting of ketchup and various bags of Doritos.

Dream resented how seemingly oblivious Sapnap was to it all, the other showed no sign of recognising the fact that George spent his time hiding away quietly, and when he was with them he wasn't really present in the slightest, instead he hovered, standing by idly while things moved around him. He also resented the fact that the Texan had the luxury of skipping that first morning, of bypassing the uneasiness that lingered. The uncomfortable atmosphere had shifted slightly since then but deep down Dream knew that things hadn't changed, things still weren't right. George had become more cold, he was less present but when he was he still tried to act as if things were fine. A fact which the blond wasn't entirely sure he was grateful for, he liked things to be resolved, he didn't like conflict; loose ends stressed him out to no end, and he could see it in the way George wouldn't look at them, wouldn't at him, things hadn't settled in the slightest.

The blond and Sapnap were nestled comfortably on the couch, which was a primary reason as to why the memory was playing on his mind, not that it wasn't always playing on his mind today, to the extent that Dream felt that his own guilt was toying with him.

He looked down at the noiret who was positioned at his side, he might as well have been lying down completely as he was stretched horizontally across the couch, but his upper body was propped up just a little, his head leaning on the blonds torso so that Dream could see over his shoulder while he scrolled through Twitter. Sapnap was in the middle of a discussion with Quackity who was making jab after jab at him, all in good fun of course. He kept showing Dream the replies, and so he laughed along with the Texan. He couldn't help but wonder if Quackity was tweeting at them while in a call with George, on Georges stream.

They had been doing this for a while, Dream wasn't sure how long George was going to be, it had been at least two hours now, not that he was keeping track. It had felt like it was just the two of them a lot recently. "You're twitching." The older man turned his head in surprise, looking back down at the noiret who didn't return his gaze.

"I am?"

Sapnap reached over with his left hand and grasped at the blonds, his hand had been resting on the Texans waist up until now, and as he interlocked their fingers Dream realised that he had been fidgeting. "What's wrong?"

Dream paused in response, a beat of silence followed. The memory cycled through his mind once more and as a result a heavy sigh broke through his lips. With hesitation he spoke up, although it can't have been more than a whisper. "He saw us the other night, Sap." He felt guilty for dragging the noiret from his drowsy tranquility, and he almost regretted speaking up as soon as he said it. These things didn't need to be talked about.

Sapnap tilted his head up to lock eyes with him so he could spare him a confused look, phone still in hand, the Twitter thread still open.

"When we, uh... On the couch." He muttered, turning his head away.

Understanding clicked behind dark eyes. And he snorted, it was entertaining to him that the Floridian couldn't muster the words to say what they had done. "When we fucked on the couch." He supplied. He laughed at the dusting of red that appeared on freckled cheeks.

"You are so annoying." Dream glared down at him.

He felt the other shrug. "Yeah, you probably woke him up, you were sooo loud." And a snicker followed, only to be met with and outraged cry. "Sapnap!"

Eventually his laughter died down, and Sapnap regarded his taller counterpart more seriously, concern etched itself into his features as he registered the extent to which Dream had wound himself up. "But, that was days ago..."

He nodded. "And he's been weird with us since."

The phone was dropped to his lap, the latest tweet left unanswered. "Yeah..." Sapnap couldn't argue otherwise. He had noticed Georges quiet withdrawal but he hadn't thought to comment on it. He wasn't oblivious to the fact that things felt off but if no one wanted to talk about certain things then who was he to bring them up. But here Dream was, and the opportunity to talk presented itself. "Why didn't you tell me?" He prompted. The more he thought about it, the idea of George having been there, if for only a moment, the more it toyed with him. What was going through the brunet's mind.

"...I don't know." Dream answered truthfully. He didn't know.

The texan frowned slightly at the admission. So George had seen them, and obviously the Brit was upset by the sight, and Dream who had noticed him... "Stop carrying the burden of everything on your own."

"I don't." The noiret rolled his eyes at that. Dream's defensiveness could rival George's sometimes.

"You do." He stated, point blank. "Look if this is why George is being such a bitch lately then that's not your fault, Dream. Both of us fucked around, George saw both of us."

"Yeah..."

"Stop stressing. We're gonna make it up to him." He assured the other. He had started to become a bit annoyed with George but this changed things a little. He was still irritated at the brunet for wasting so much time, for being so absent with them, even though it was fine most of the time, but he could understand this. It wasn't fair to George to have had to see them like that. It crossed his mind that George had been acting really strange about this whole setup as of late, but he wasn't sure what to make of that, that wasn't the problem at hand. Maybe George was grossed out by them. He didn't like that thought, but he didn't give it any space in his head. He knew Dream, he knew the floridian well and if he were to take a wild guess; the blond was already overflowing with enough farfetched concerns for both of them. It wasn't likely. It was fine. The bottom line was that they had put George in a difficult position, and he couldn't blame George for being weird about things, it wasn't like the brit was good at expressing feelings. But he could have said something.

Sapnap looked back at Dream who was gnawing on his lips, and he sighed.

"We'll sort it out." And Dream nodded in return.

Sapnap was used to being a problem solver. And things would work out, eventually.

Later that afternoon, George re emerged from his room with his stream being over and done with. Sapnap detached himself from Dream immediately, creating space between himself and the troubled blond at his side. He beamed up at the approaching brunet. "Hey Gogs." His smile didn't falter as he watched George collapse onto the armchair beside them. Not the couch. "How was the



stream?"

A tired and stiff smile graced the brunets lips. "Good." He pulled his phone out from his pocket and started scrolling. Sapnap didn't bother looking back at Dream, he knew exactly what the other would be thinking. Told you so. "Dope. Anything interesting happen?"

"Not really." This wasn't going to be fun. But he tried again. "Well, Dream and I were thinking we could order Pizza tonight. What d'you think?"

"Sounds great." The small man sat there rigidly, his legs folded under him and his frame hunched over, he started intently at his phone, as if nothing else in the world existed. A long silence followed in which no one made any more attempts to speak.

The tenseness of the atmosphere got to George first, and he left the room after that, with claims that he had to call his mum as she would probably be available to talk now, the time zones were making it difficult. That was fair. The pair of them watched him leave, a frown settled itself across the Texans features and he hummed pensively. Dream leant forward, knocking his head against the others shoulder, he needed some form of contact, anything to destress him a little. He didn't like this at all. The blond sighed. "See?" Sturdy fingers wove their way into blond locks, scratching at his scalp reassuringly

They were going to have to do something about this. "Yeah." This couldn't last.

## Chapter End Notes

ahaha angst :)

i hope you guys enjoyedddd, i promise at some point there will be fluff! although i've done fluff, here and there, amongst it all. there will be fluff, eventually

anyway let me know what you thinkkkkk, what you're feeling, not to be a bitch but when you guys express pain thats when i feel the biggest sense of accomplishment!  
kiss kiss

i don't really have anything so say, this is gibberish

so bye x

ACTUALLY no

this angst is chill, i was gonna make george an absolute bitch, but i was a wimp and i couldn't take it so this is what we got

k bye xxxxx

## i said it's fine

### Chapter Notes

this might get a bit rough xx  
i.g. angst, be warned

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A few days later the three of them found themselves in a restaurant, it had been Dream's suggestion. They had ordered pizza twice in the two days since Sapnap decided they should start making their own dinner. The first time they had bought pizza, it had been entirely intentional. The second time, less so; Dream had been cooking dinner, and Sapnap had "helped". So pizza was the safest backup, although after two days they decided they were setting a dangerous precedent and on top of that they really hadn't been out enough.

Sapnap slammed the car door and started following Dream to the entrance. "You ever been here?" He called out.

He looked over his shoulder with a relaxed smile and a shrug. "Nah, but my mom likes the garlic bread here." A laugh echoed between the pair of them. "Are we always gonna rely on your mom for food?"

George walked with them, he smiled at their laughter and he nodded along with whatever it was they had to say. But he didn't want to be there, he didn't want to be with them, he didn't want to be anywhere. The restaurant was relatively loud, from what Dream told them it was a family run business and it was popular among the residents in the surrounding area. A baby in a highchair at a table near the entrance stared at them as they walked through the door, George stared back. What the hell was so interesting.

An arm entangled itself with his where his hands were shoved into his hoodie pocket, George snapped his head to look at whoever was invading his personal space and he was met face to face with a grinning Sapnap. "Stop having staring contests with random toddlers. Lets go." And he began dragging the brunet along.

George detached his arm from Sapnap's carefree grip shortly after.

George sighed heavily as he brought his glass up to his lips, he glanced around the room at the people passing by and chatting around the tables, much like the couple sitting at the table alongside him. He knew the pair were trying to involve him in their conversations but he really wished they wouldn't. Sapnap kept glancing at him, trying to make him truly laugh but nothing seemed to really be doing the trick, in desperation he started picking on Dream instead.

The blond's laughter made his head feel lighter and so he kept nudging and prodding in an attempt to hear more of that sound. "You are so annoying." Dream stated between chuckles.

"Shut your mouth. You like it." The noiret smiled back, eyes glazing over fondly. "You keep denying it and I might have to do something about it." Dream laughed at the suggestive tone and kicked the texan's foot away under the table. "Oh my god."

George watched from across the table, a growing hole in his chest toyed with him as he held back a

scowl as he was subjected to the scene before him. "For fuck sake..." He muttered under his breath, but apparently not as quietly as he would have liked. Dream snapped his head towards him, his bright smile turning curious. "George, what's wrong?"

And that was something else that made George regret being there in the first place. "What? Oh, nothing." This was really just awkward.

Confusion turned to light concern. "Come on, talk to us." The blond pushed, a gentle laugh escaping him, as the conversation was still light.

George resisted the urge to roll his eyes. "I already told you guys. Everything's fine." He bit back with a weak smile that coated his face like poorly done face paint. He ignored the way Sappnap's eyebrows shot up and Dream frowned in response. "But-"

He lost his patience. "I said it's fine, Dream." George bit out, words laced with irritation. Why couldn't he just leave it alone. He stared back at the shocked floridian with a huff before glancing away once more. He cursed under his breath, this was why he didn't want to be here.

Sappnap had been watching the quick interaction with a lazy smile at first which morphed into a thin line with time, warm dark eyes that had been looking on leisurely turned to slits at the sudden shift in the conversation. Dream flinched beside him at the defensiveness and cutting edge to George's voice, and the sharp intake of air elicited from the other was enough to tip the wound up texan over the edge. This had been going on for too long, it was time to hit the nail on the head.

"Fuck this." Sappnap seethed, standing from his chair and grabbing his jacket which he then shrugged on, his arm got stuck for a second and he cursed, annoyance was rolling off of him in waves. "I'm going to pay for what we've had and tell them not to bother with the rest."

George huffed from where he was still sitting at the table, his arms folded tightly against his chest, hands tucked in next to his sides. "What, we're leaving?"

"Yeah, we're leaving. You don't wanna be here and you're being hella moody about it, so let's go." Dream watched as the texan walked away with long strides, he moved with purpose. As much as Sappnap wanted to brush off his exasperation, his shoulders were still visibly tensed, but nevertheless he flagged down one of the members of staff and presented them with a beaming apologetic smile.

The blond turned back to George but he knew the other wouldn't be looking at him, instead he was fixated on the unused napkin, dark brows were drawn together in a conflicted manner with obvious frustration. "I'll... Go start the car." He muttered, averting his gaze and sliding out from his chair. He walked past Sappnap on the way out, he shot the other a distressed look, Dream could just about see what was running through the noirets head; he was angry.

It was windy outside, the sun was warm but the wind was unusually cold and so as he clambered into his car it felt like entering a greenhouse; pleasantly warmed by the sun yet sheltered and protected from the billowing wind outside that rang in his ears.

Dream cursed, pinching the bridge of his nose with a heavy groan. This was horrible and he absolutely was not ready for the conversation they were about to have; He and Sappnap had discussed it in quiet whispers, the tension with George had been growing to an unbearable point, the brunet could barely stand to be in a room with them at the moment. It didn't matter how much Sappnap tried to convince him that regardless of the fact that they did an incredibly stupid thing, they would make it up to George, they would figure it out and things would be okay, eventually. It didn't matter because Dream's guilt was eating him up, he couldn't stand the way that George either would or wouldn't look at them; his face contorted in offense whenever he thought the pair weren't looking at him, or even the way he smiled at them forcibly when he thought they were, his

eyes dim and his stance rigid in an attempt to maintain a sense of normality.

Sapnap had been pushing the idea of sitting George down and forcing the withdrawn older man to talk things out with them, to put everything on the table and air things out. But Dream was reluctant, and as much as he hated himself for it he was scared of facing George and the repercussions of his words. He knew down to his core that it was his fault that George couldn't bear to be around them at the moment, and he missed him. He really really missed him, but George didn't want them anywhere near him, that much was obvious.

All these pent up feelings he had for the other man were swirling around his chest and it was all just so awful.

He placed his hands on his cheeks and they were unbearably hot, his head ached, he looked at himself in the rearview mirror and was faced with a mess of tired eyes and flushed freckled cheeks. He wanted things to go back to normal desperately but he had no idea how that was possible, if it was possible. On top of that, he couldn't give up the noiret, not now that they had each other. And even if they did give each other up in exchange for normality, in exchange for their friendship with George, things wouldn't truly be back to normal, would they. George would never forget, and neither would they.

He barely had a moment to himself to ease his nerves before he saw movement out of the corner of his eyes and he turned to look; Sapnap and George were approaching the car, together, although they couldn't have looked more a part if they tried. The pair had distanced themselves from each other, George was looking away from the fuming texan and staring pointedly at something across the parking lot, his hands shoved into his hoodie pocket. George had sped up a little to walk a meter or so in front of the noiret and as they reached the car, George opened the backdoor.

"You're not getting in the front?" Dream heard Sapnap ask, although he strained to hear him from inside the car. The brit looked back at him with a stoney stare and shrugged before buckling himself in. "Fine." It crossed his mind that the texan was chastising him like a child despite George being the eldest and Sapnap the youngest. This wasn't what they had intended things to be.

Dream flinched as the door was slammed and Sapnap climbed into the front passenger seat. The silence was gut-wrenching and suddenly the safety the car provided from the elements didn't feel so effective, not when the stormy weather had been brought inside. This was one greenhouse that wasn't proving to be hospitable.

The trio drove for three minutes with not one sound, Dream stared ahead so he could concentrate on the road and distract himself from his own mind and the coldness that hung over them.

Sapnap looked out the window, but with an annoyed click of his tongue he turned his glare to George. "I'm tired of this, George. This is bullshit and it's starting to get real boring. Why can't you just tell us what's on your mind rather than doing the whole stupid ass silent treatment thing?"

"I'm not giving you the silent treatment."

An unamused laugh sounded around the car. "Yeah, right. Of course you're not! Would you stop fucking shutting us out already, George! You did this last time you had shit going on and you apologised for doing it cause you know it was a dumb way of handling things. What is it about isolating yourself from us that is so appealing to you? Cause you keep doing it for some reason and I know it sure as hell isn't making you happy! You make that perfectly clear."

"Sapnap." Dream spoke up warningly, a feeble attempt to stop whatever this was. "Calm down..." They weren't supposed to be angry like this.

"No! I mean honestly, George. If you don't want us involved or to support you, that's fine. It hurts since we're supposed to be your friends and all, but it's fine. But you can't just give us the cold

shoulder whenever you feel like shit. How do you think that makes us feel? Why are we your emotional punching bags, or whatever, when things get rough?" Sapnap finished, he stared at the brunet in the back, his head was turned to the window on the other side of the car that he was looking out of pointedly, daring not to make eye contact with Sapnap. He kept his expression completely neutral but he clenched the sleeves of his hoodie into balling fists, the material preventing his nails from digging into his palms.

Sapnap sighed, he turned around to look at the road in front, his hands rubbed at his face as he quietened down. "Sorry, I'm sorry. I shouldn't be shouting at you... I'm just- Sorry." The apology was heard but no one responded to it.

Dream kept his hold on the wheel tight, he couldn't pluck up the courage to speak despite him wanting desperately to ease the tension in the small space, but when he dared to glance at George through his rearview mirror his eyes widened in surprise. "George? Are you crying?"

Dark sleeves darted up to rub at damp cheeks. "I'm not." He growled out, his fixation on the world outside the car increasing tenfold.

"George..." Dream muttered, concern and pity edged into his voice.

"Just back off, Dream!" George shouted, finally looking to the front of the car and he scowled at the pair of them. The blond flinched, that was twice tonight.

"Why the hell are you angry at me?" He hissed in Sapnap's direction, the other turning around to look him in the eye. Sapnap thought guiltily, that the least he could do after lecturing the brit was to look at him. "You're acting like I'm the one at fault here! Or did you forget about how fucked up your behavior is at the moment?"

Dream gulped, looking back at him through the mirror. "You mean... the other night?" The blond asked, but he didn't really need to. He was met burning anger behind dark brown eyes that stared back at him with utter disdain.

"Damn right I do!" He leant forward and braced his arms against the front seats. "Do you have any idea how that made me feel?" He spat, Sapnap leaned back a little, his brows drawing together.

"I have never been so confused in my life Dream! I mean, in what world is it okay for you guys to just casually fuck on the couch like that? I was gone for 20 minutes! And you Dream!" An accusing finger was pointed in his direction. "You called my fucking name! Why would you mock me like that?"

His grip on the steering wheel tightened, his knuckles turning white with the pressure. "I wasn't-...I wasn't mocking you George." He declared, appalled by the very idea of going out of his way to hurt George in the way he was accused of.

"What the fuck does that mean."

It wasn't intentional, but he hurt him. He really really hurt him. "We're sorry George... It wasn't- well, we talked about it. We know it was fucked up, we're sorry. We're really-" Dream's voice became hesitant in his desperation to make his regret known but George was having none of it. "You should be." He grunted through clenched teeth.

A hand reached over to rest on Dream's bouncing leg, George scowled at the way they comforted each other and that was just about the final straw. Tears stung at his eyes, but he'd be damned if they saw him cry. "Stop the car."

“What?” Sapnap turned back to him with surprised and wide eyes.

George glared back at him. He couldn't deal with them right now. “Stop the car.” He repeated, his glare landing on still fingers that lay on Dreams jean clad leg.

With his face contorted in distress, Dream pulled over on the next street corner. As soon as the car had stopped long enough for George to clamber out the door he was out and slamming the door. A series of curses fell from the floridians lips as he hastily unbuckled his seatbelt and went to open the door.

“George! Wait, George! What- Where are you going?” He cried after the other, panicking as he started retreating down the road.

The brit turned around for a second to shout back at him. “Don't wait up. I'm walking back!”

Dream already had one foot out of the car when Sapnap grabbed his arm, holding him back.

“Dream, Dream, don't. Get back in the car...” He rushed out, a desperate need to keep at least one of his friends from running away from him. “Look he's walking back in the direction of home.”

“I'm not driving off without him.”

“He wants to be away from us. We'll wait here for a bit, in case he comes back. Yeah?”

He choked back a sob. “Right, yeah...” When did his head start to hurt, he didn't even know but his head felt like it was splitting itself in half.

“...I fucked up.” Sapnap breathed out, leaning forward to rest his head in his hands. “I really really fucked that up.” Dream stared down the street, his jaw clenched, he watched Georges retreating figure in the distance, right as he turned around a corner. And then he was gone.

Sapnap lifted his head, he looked tired. “But... It'll be okay.” He turned to Dream with a somewhat disheartened but still hopeful look in his eye. “It'll be okay.” He reached out to place his hand on Dreams, that was clutching the steering wheel in a deathly grip.

The blond pulled his hand away suddenly as if he'd been burned. "Don't touch me right now, Sap." He snapped, the bite in his tone fading after the first harsh word.

Sapnap drew his hand away slowly, surprised by the reaction but he nodded nevertheless. He turned his head away, leaning it against the window in silence. And then they waited.

George didn't come back to the car, tears pricked at Dreams' eyes but he wouldn't let them fall. He hated this, hated the conflict, hated that Sapnap had been so angry, hated that he hadn't said enough and worst of all, he hated that George hated them.

Sapnap wouldn't let him drive back so they swapped seats despite Dreams complaints.

When they arrived back home, George wasn't there, which did nothing to ease either of them which is why Dream sat on the front doorstep, waiting to catch a glimpse of the petite brown haired man. His leg bounced and his nails were bitten down to the soft skin, and before not too long it was dark and the wind from earlier became cold in the stretched out shadows. The texan coaxed him inside and they went back to the living room where Sapnap sat in the armchair.

Dream glanced at the man sitting across from him, amongst some of his more irrational thoughts he wanted to be angry with him. He wanted to blame him for George being gone, he wanted to be

upset that Sapnap didn't let him run after the brunet but a small part of part of him knew that it was what was best, to give George some space and let him come back to them.

But he wanted him back, wanted him with them, to hold him close and make everything right.

What he wouldn't give to hear that genuine cheerful laugh ring in his ears like it used to so often, he craved the sound of surprised gasps and unexpected chuckles that used to sound in the air so often.

He missed George, he missed making him happy and seeing his smile.

He had hurt him. He looked back to the noiret, his chin rested on his fist as he stared into the distance. He didn't even sport a pensive look, it was simply empty and void of any thought at all, almost as if all his emotions had been ripped from his chest and he was left with the spare pieces.

He gulped. "Sapnap?" He called out weakly, the others head turning to him, his eyes blinking slowly as if he'd just been woken up, his mind coming back to his body. Regretful dark eyes blinked back at him silently.

"...It'll be okay." He whispered to the other, eliciting a quick intake of air from the weary man.

Dream gingerly reached out his hand, leaning on the armrest.

With a defeated nod, Sapnap reached back and the floridian gripped his fingers tightly. One of them always had to hold out hope.

Their heads snapped up and they locked eyes, a sense of relief flooding them both as they registered the sound of the front doors locks clicking open and the telltale sound of light feet walking on sound tiles.

Dream launched himself from the couch and just as he rounded the bulky piece of furniture he was stopped in his tracks by the figure standing in the living room archway, hands raised. Wide eyes pleaded with him silently not to move. He glanced to his right at the texan who had leapt up from the armchair and arrived a step or so closer to the entrance than he had. If things weren't so dreadful he would've laughed. He almost did, he was so relieved to see George there in front of them.

It had felt like hours, maybe because it had been.

George stared back at them with wide eyes, he had thought that he'd be able to walk in here and pretend he hadn't been crying, not show them his tears and that as soon as he saw them he'd be able to handle himself.

He had had the time to himself to figure it out, to put his feeling into words, on his way back he shouted at them in quiet whispers that only he could hear but in the end it didn't matter because he couldn't finish a single sentence without choking up and he cursed himself for not being able to be better than that.

He didn't want to be angry with them, he didn't want them to be angry with him, and he desperately wanted them, wanted them to know that he was hurting but it was all too much.

He stared at them, Sapnaps skin was pale and he looked exhausted, Dream was covered in patchy redness and the looks the pair of them were giving him were both desperate and relieved but deep down, a little wary. And that broke him, how were they still so attentive even though he was being so horrible. They had themselves to worry about and it didn't matter that they were part of the reason he was going through hell, he wrinkled his nose at the idea of putting them through the same.

He opened his mouth to say something but nothing came out. He had all the words just a moment

before but now they were all gone. Where were his words, he needed his words. Sappnap made a move to speak up, the concern etched into the lines of his face jumping out at him and so George raised his hand, stopping the other and just like that he was speaking, words pouring out of him with no real reason.

"I'm sorry. I know- I'm not good at the moment and I'm trying, but it's not enough. I'm really sorry. It's not you guys, I mean, it is a little but it's just me being fucked up! I- I don't know what I'm doing, I'm just- I don't know..." George averted his eyes, staring at the floor instead. His eyes were watery and he knew they were red and puffy and that he looked gross, and that they could see perfectly that he had been crying already but he couldn't start again, he wouldn't allow himself to cry like this in front of them. "Why would you do that? Just, why would you..."

Dream jumped into action, he stepped forward hesitantly with his arms open. "Let me hug you? Please?" He asked the brunet earnestly and after a beat of hesitation, George nodded his head. He stepped forward into Dream's open arm, nestling his face into the taller man's chest silently.

A shaky sigh of relief escaped the blond's chapped lips, his arms tightened around the exhausted frame. George felt someone else step up behind him, wrapping his arms around the two of them. "I'm so sorry George. We're both really really sorry... Please just talk to us George..." The noiret breathed out, almost pleadingly as he rested his head on the back of George's shoulder. "We wanna make things right..." Dream whispered above him.

The brit breathed out shakily. "I'm not... I'm not handling you two being together very well. And not just- Not just because of the fucking couch thing." He muttered, pressing his face against Dream's chest further, rubbing off the bit of wetness that had escaped his tired eyes.

"Why...?"

"Because- There's you two, and then there's me."

Dream sighed, arms tightening as he squeezed. "You know we love you, George. Us being together doesn't change the fact that we love you." He rested his chin on top of the brunet's head, relishing in the feel of dark locks brushing against his skin, the smell of George and his stupid two-in-one shampoo, closer than it had been in a long time, closer than George had allowed him to be in too long.

"But not the way you love each other." The brit stated, tone exhausted and defeated. He resented the way his eyes were stinging.

Sappnap shifted behind him, loosening his grip a little and reluctantly lifting his head away to speak clearly, wanting to make sure he was heard. "That's not, exactly... True."

"What?" George's head snapped up, knocking Dream's head back in surprise.

"George- We haven't really talked about it but... Both of us, feel for you. The same way we feel for each other." A silence followed, Dream caught Sappnap's eye, nodding at the other.

George shoved the blond, pushing him out of his arms as he stumbled backwards and fell against the texan behind him who was just as shaken by the sudden movement, catching George in his hands and gripping the other's arms tightly from behind. "Why didn't you tell me? You prick!" He cried out accusingly.

"I- what?" Dream stammered. His brows drew together in confusion.

"I told you months ago I had feelings for you and Sappnap-"



At that the texan rounded on Dream as well, following the angry brunet's motions and staring up at him expectantly. "He what?" He questioned.

"And you didn't tell me you had feelings for me too??" George was throwing around erratic and angry hand gestures, moving forward to shove the blond again but not before Sapnap tightened his grip.

"What the fuck, Dream?" The noiret held George to his chest, arms wrapped around the other to keep his aggression restrained. He stared at Dream with perplexed vexation. "Why haven't I heard about this?" His tone was far calmer than the cursing brunet's but nonetheless accusing.

Dreams stammering continued as he tried to draw together any conclusions in his head. "W- Is this about that argument we had?" He was pulling up nothing except the conversation he had had with George when they first arrived.

"Yes! It is, you complete moron! Dream!"

"When did you-"

George cut Sapnap off as he finally shook the other off him. Stepping forward and standing as close to Dream as he could with an accusatory finger pointed up at him. "I told you how there were so many people I cared about who I couldn't have. And I literally named you and Sapnap as examples. Remember, I told you not to read into it..." George was reaching out to shove the blond again, this time with far less force, his voice wobbled with emotion, the fire behind glassy eyes dimming just a little. "You're telling me I've been hurting over this for months! And it could have been different?" Dream stumbled back barely a step or so, more so out of the principle of being shoved rather than the brit's force.

"Ah..." Sapnap's eyes widened.

"What." George's head snapped back to the slightly shorter man.

Sapnap brought his hands up to his face, rubbing his eyes tiredly. "You told Dream, not to read into it?" A quiet breathy chuckle following the exasperated question.

"Yeah, I did. I was embarrassed and-"

"George." He deadpanned. "You can't tell Dream not to read into something. Because he actually won't."

"Guys..." Dream's feeble interjection was met with silence as the other two stared at each other. Sapnap stared at the brit expectantly before George's anger sizzled out. He deflated a little and groaned in annoyance. "Shit. I hate that you're this dumb. And I hate myself more, because I forgot, that you were this dumb."

"I'm starting to take offense now."

"Shut up Dream, and I'm trying to wrap my head around this." The brunet snapped half-heartedly, he brought his hands up to his face where he rubbed at his still puffy eyes. He looked drained, the emotional exhaustion he'd felt for such a prolonged time-frame suddenly seemed so much more obvious. "You guys, have feelings for me? Or whatever."

"Yeah."

Dream nodded. "I think we do."

"You think." He repeated with a somewhat defeated tone but Sappnap was quick to jump in. "Shut up, Dream. We know. We know we have feelings for you."

"Why am I getting assaulted right now?"

"...I think I'm gonna start crying again." At that Sappnap stepped forward with outstretched arms that George fell into them with no hesitation. He buried his head in the texan's chest, just as he had done with Dream before, but this time he wouldn't push the other away. A teary gasp wracked the small brunet's frame and he ducked his head further. "Fuck you, fuck you both so much." His voice was muffled, but Dream and Sappnap understood his words well enough. He was frustrated, but he wasn't angry anymore. The noiret rubbed his back soothingly, stroking up and down his spine in an attempt to ease the small jerks made by the Brit, his frustrations escaping him in broken sobs and laboured gasps.

He drew a hand away from Sappnap's back where he'd been clenching the larger man closer, instead he reached out for Dream without lifting his head.

With a relieved look from the texan, Dream reached back. His fingers brushed against the brunet's cautiously, He felt the hammering in his chest invade his thoughts and a sharp intake of air caught him off guard as nimble fingers interlocked with his own, their grip unyielding, desperate and adamant.

"Sorry for letting rip on you both." George whispered. He was lying with his back pressed to Sappnap's, the texan was sitting with one knee bent over the edge of the couch with the other lying along the length of George's own legs, his head rested on Sappnap's chest while the blond beside him played with his hair.

He wasn't sure how he'd ended up sandwiched between them, if he hadn't been feeling so weak perhaps he would have stepped away, but as the two had jumped on the opportunity to comfort him and coax him into their welcoming embrace, he couldn't help but ease into the security of their hands.

Dream was trapped under him, with his legs splayed over his lap as well as Sappnap's foot. George felt as if he was barely touching the couch at all at this point, not with how much of him was lying on top of the other two. It was awkward and limbs were everywhere but their body heat radiated through him, making him feel comfortable and drowsy.

"It was justified." Dream hummed, his fingers combing through the brunet's hair soothingly, pushing the strands away from his forehead.

Sappnap agreed before piping up next to him. "Giving us the cold shoulder kinda sucked." The hand that rested on his waist gripped him tighter for a second.

George nodded, tilting his head to look up at the texan, his eyes were exhausted but his smile was easy. "...I'm sorry about that. I just didn't know what to do. You know I'm crap with feelings." Sappnap lifted his hand to cup the brit's cheek, his thumb stroked over pale skin, the tear stained trails from earlier already seemed distant. "But the couch thing was really shitty." George mumbled.

He heard Dream sigh to his left, before Sappnap spoke up, his tone soft and tired. "I know... We weren't thinking, and we're sorry you had to deal with that."

"I love you guys." The blond whispered, he shifted besides them, leaning into George more and invading his space. Although a little hesitant, in the end George welcomed it.

Sapnap replied firmly, a warm smile playing on his lips. "Love you too, both of you."

"...If you continue playing with my hair like that, I might say it back." George answered, he couldn't say that, not as easily as the other two could at least. He groaned delightedly as Dreams nimble fingers scratched at his scalp in the most glorious way, he closed his eyes and leant into the touch. "You guys have been messing with my head so much lately."

"How so?"

"Just been feeling a lot of things, and you guys are just... I don't know, just you guys."

The questions continued to come. "What do you mean?" And George scowled at the realisation he would have to put his own messed up thoughts into words. "Felt like you didn't need me... Like I was intruding or something."

Sapnap frowned at the very idea of it and rushed to dismiss the notion. "George that's- We want you." He felt that he couldn't even begin to describe how much they yearned for him.

"You were never intruding. We've wanted you with us from the start, we just didn't know that you also wanted that." Dream filled in.

"Well we would've done, if you weren't so dense, Dream." The texan chastised with a teasing smirk, George snickered.

Dream shrugged, he curled a finger around a strand of the brunet's hair although it wasn't really long enough and it fell from his grasp. He trailed his finger around the shell of Georges ear, the brit turned to look at him, curiosity drawing his brows together as Dream traced down along his jaw. Awed green eyes shone back at him and he held his breath at the way they seemed to see right through him.

The taller man leant forward, his pointer finger and thumb curled around his chin delicately, leading George to face him. George's eyes widened, his heart hammered in his chest and just as the blond was close enough for their lips to brush, he flinched.

Dream snapped back, realisation dawned on him that he had pushed the brit too far and he started pulling away guiltily. "Wait." George reached out quickly, his hand clutched at Dream's shoulder with uncertainty.

Dark eyes peered at them both curiously and what he couldn't see was the way that George's eyes dropped to plump lips and tanned skin adorned with freckles. "...Do that again." He whispered, the words falling from his lips without any spare thought.

With a smile the other leaned in again just as the brunet started pulling him forward, their mouths met and the silence around them faded away, their breaths intermingled. A deep flush crept up his neck, his ears tinged pink and his grip on Dreams shoulder tightened.

George's breath caught in his throat as Dream placed his hand on top of his, his thumb rubbed over his knuckles.

The blond gazed at him and smiled at the way he gasped when they parted.

He barely had a moment to think over the kiss they had just shared, it couldn't have lasted more than a moment but it was more than enough to give George an idea of what this could be, what this could feel like if he just let the pair of them drag him into this mess that he was utterly and painfully enamoured by.

Another hand was guiding him to face the noiret behind him. A burst of energy shot through him,

the feel of Sappas lips against his own egged him on and without meaning too, he let out a hushed whimper. The noiret smiled against his lips and with a small laugh he pulled away, instead pressing a kiss to the brits temple as he squeezed him closer.

Dream ran his hand over the brunet's bared arm, rubbing over his goosepricked skin and causing a shiver to flutter through him. George hummed, his head felt light and he let his eyes slip shut and be lulled by the feeling of the two of them around him, holding him.

A grateful smile played on Sappas lips as his fingers danced over the brunet's waist, he locked eyes with Dream and the pair gazed at each other knowingly, a warmth settled over them, between the exhaustion and emotional turmoil, it had worked out.

Things weren't quite okay. Not everything was resolved.

But at least now the three of them had hope that they were going to figure things out, make things right. They would be okay, eventually.

## Chapter End Notes

aha :)

well i hope you lot are okay, gotta be honest there were a couple of times where i wasn't, when writing that...

this chapter was longer than my usual and the bit of fluff that was at the end, was actually intended for the next chapter but since i went beyond my usual word count with "relatively" unpleasant angst, i thought that the least i could do for us was add a lil fluff, emphasis on 'us'

that was a tough a chapter but things are looking up for our boys, don't you think?

let me know how you guys are doing!

i love reading your comments, it brings a smile to my face and i gotta say, a smile is in desperate need after that shit show!

thank you for reading, more to come, eventually  
with less angst, i promise xx

## i was thinking

### Chapter Notes

lol 4 months ain't that loooong

113 days isn't that bad- oh shit

well here's a new chapter... oosp

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was funny how becoming completely at ease with the people in the house around him helped George insert himself into the household. The brit hadn't realized how reserved even his presence was, up until now he had felt like a guest whereas Sappap and Dream had felt at home. The brunet lived in the space awkwardly; timidly tidying up after himself, always asking if there was anything he could do to help while the other two roamed the space like they owned it. It was only after Sappap gave him a questioning look when he saw George taking his toothbrush and toothpaste back to his room after brushing his teeth, that George hesitated in the way he was taking up space. Or not taking up space for that matter. Hell, he was still partly living out of his suitcase.

And so bit by bit, his belongings started to appear in random places around the house alongside whatever else Sappap and Dream had left lying around. He would enjoy his downtime outside of his room when he wasn't editing, often monopolizing the living room. And the most recent and most ambitious change yet; George was cooking. He had helped out in the kitchen when requested or when his offer of help had been accepted, but on his own, he hadn't wanted to make a mess, hadn't wanted to get in the way. But that was silly because it was his home too.

So George was cooking himself a late breakfast, he had woken up much later than the other two. He usually would have had whatever was left over or some cereal but he had had a hankering for bacon for a few days. A brief phone call with his sister the night before had left him craving certain components of an English breakfast, even if he had never really been bothered by the dish.

He was in a weird state of mind and he couldn't really decide how he felt. The emotions that simmered just under the surface of his skin felt like pins and needles except that he couldn't put a name to them; they remained ever-present and plagued him every second. His grip on the spatula tightened as he dived back in to flip the sizzling rashers. He had been feeling so pent up for too long and now that the floodgates had been opened he still hadn't adjusted to the idea of not having anything to hide anymore. He couldn't decide what it was that he was feeling.

Sturdy arms looped themselves around his waist and he jumped in surprise at the sudden invasion of his space. "Dream." He yelped as the blond swayed them back and forth where they stood. The brit rolled his eyes at the impromptu affection Dream was showering him with. A breathy laugh rang in his ears, a small puff of air danced across his neck. "Dream if you don't let go I'm going to burn this."

"You would burn it anyway."

“Fuck off Sapnap!” George laughed, a gasp of offense bursting from between his lips as he wriggled again in the blond's embrace.

Maybe it was happiness. That didn't seem so implausible anymore.

Dream gripped him tighter, his head rested on the shorter brunet's shoulder and he nuzzled his cheek into the crook of his neck. George held his breath as he forced himself to relax into Dream's embrace. He wasn't used to the feeling of being held so close, especially not by one of the two men he had been gushing over for such a long time.

He caved, his eyes fluttering shut when Dream pressed his lips to the skin not hidden by the collar of his sweater. With an air of acceptance, he called out to the texan who was loitering nearby.

“Fine... Sapnap, take over for me.”

“You're so demanding.” The texan teased with mock annoyance, but Sapnap was already at his side waiting to take over before George could fire back. His eyes honed in on the bacon sizzling away in the cast iron frying pan, George looked at him suspiciously before Dream pulled them backward away from the spitting oil in the pan and made room for the youngest.

This is what things had become for the three of them. George was relieved that it wasn't all that different from their previously happy, but solely platonic dynamic. Except that he didn't feel the need to withdraw himself from the other two as he did before.

He felt a little awkward at the way the pair of them were running around after him, but their dedication to the new state of affairs was heartwarming, they deserved the same warmth from George that they were showering him in.

A hum of contentment bubbled up the brunet's throat, the firm chest pressed to his back shuddered with gentle laughter behind him. George opened his eyes just long enough to spot a fork diving into the pan and piercing the salty goodness that was His frying bacon.

“Sapnap don't you fucking dare, that's mine.”

The texan had sulked for a while after that, much to Dream's entertainment. He had the pleasure of watching him follow George around in a mooney mood. His whining was met with monotone and unsatisfying responses such as ‘That's so sad.’ and ‘I can't imagine what you're going through.’ In the end, the brit told him to fuck off and Sapnap had turned to Dream with a grin.

When George idly suggested a barbecue for later in the week Sapnap had lunged on the idea and ignored the part about Later, instead of focusing on the Now. Within 20 minutes he had dug out the barbecue and was ratcheting around for the bag of charcoal.

It made for a nice group activity that changed things up, eating out on the patio had been something they'd done reasonably often but having a barbecue wasn't a part of their usual routine.

That evening when they had everything spread out on the table either covered to protect it from flies or prepped to be cooked, it crossed Sapnap's mind that this all felt easy.

Things almost felt back to normal.

It almost felt too easy, or maybe it just felt that way because of how awful things had become between them. It was obvious to Sapnap now that things really weren't okay, but right now at this moment, he couldn't complain.

He looked at his two friends; the Brit was cowering away from the evening sun under the protection of the dark green parasol while Dream basked in it, soaking up the golden rays, beer in hand.

Sapnap was toying with his Bluetooth speaker and trying not to get frustrated when it didn't show up on his phone. He silently passed it to Dream who had gestured for him to hand it over mid-conversation with George about something that was trending on Twitter related to one of Tommys newest vlogs.

He took the opportunity to tend to the barbecue, the fire finally being hot enough to start cooking on. This was Sapnaps job, he had proclaimed so proudly, earlier when the blond had offered to do the grilling he had objected to the suggestion with claims of texan pride.

The heat from the flames wafted up and warmed his skin as he opened the barbecue. It didn't matter how warm it was outside, the heat generated by the burning embers didn't bother him in the slightest, in fact, he was happier to be nearer the flames. He played around with the skillet for a while before he finally caved and started loading meat onto the grill.

Throughout their conversation, Sapnap watched George, the way the brunet kept glancing at the pair of them. Even when he grinned and laughed along with them, his eyes would dart between the younger men.

A warmth would grow in the noirets chest each time George's eyes would widen even just a little whenever soft words were uttered in his direction.

A mix of delight and doubt swam in dark eyes.

The three of them were almost silent while they started dishing things onto their plates, Sapnap was quick to grab that one piece of steak he'd been eyeing even as it cooked.

"I was thinking..." George spoke up, the other two sparing him a quick glance and a hum of acknowledgment. "Later tonight, I thought we could do some reading." George suggested with a smile, the casualness in his tone sounded too easy.

A pause followed the statement and confusion flashed across Dream's face. They hadn't read the three of them together for months now and George had never said anything about that before. The Brit surely knew why that was, he can't have been oblivious to the way the nature of their readings had changed.

A cough broke the silence. "Gogy, you know what happens when Dream and I read stuff together, right?"

Dream held his breath, he wasn't sure if he should thank or curse Sapnap for being the one to speak up.

"Oh yeah. I know." The brits tone was light and he ducked his head to rummage through the icebox in the search of his next beer. Dream spluttered and a short-lived wheeze escaped his lips before he started coughing.

Amidst his coughing fit Dream could hear Sapnap laughing in surprise between his confused exclamations. "Wait what?"

"George!" Dream gasped out nervously, recovering enough to call out the other's name.

No definitive answer was given and George didn't comment on that fact.

He was met with soothing hands brushing through his hair in passing, effectively brushing off the subject. They weren't subtle about it but he opted to sit back and allow the other two to move on from the topic, although the look the pair of them shared didn't go unnoticed by the brunet; not Dream's wide-eyed stare, and definitely not Sapnap's unimpressed glare. He reeled in his feelings of doubt and resolved himself to not take offense.

At the end of the night, he was met with a kiss to the back of his neck and a pair of hands cupping his cheeks to press a kiss to his lips. He had turned away quickly in an attempt to hide the flushing of his cheeks.

When George finally crept off to bed once he was done loading the dishwasher, his chest felt light and his belly felt full; the warmth that came from being pleasantly buzzed and the comfort of Sapnap and Dream's company in the evening sun left him feeling sleepy and soft, almost satisfied. Almost.

The conversation he had prompted, or the lack of conversation, had played on George's mind for the rest of the evening; he knew that Sapnap and Dream had been fucking, he was painfully aware of that, but the topic had never been brought up between the three of them.

It was a little frustrating.

He stared up at his ceiling, he had forgotten to shut his blinds again and now that he was comfortably snuggled up in his covers he couldn't be bothered to close them again. The sun had gone down already, that wasn't his problem anymore, the George from tomorrow could deal with that.

Instead, he examined the faint lines that stretched across his ceiling, the street light in the distance was angled just enough to allow a faint yellow glow through his window. It was pretty, he could just about see the dust dancing through the air leisurely. It was incredibly frustrating.

Dozens of thoughts had been swirling around in George's head for weeks and in the past week, it felt like all of them were accumulating on the front of stage in his mind.

A disgruntled frown drew his brows together, his nose scrunching up as he the brunet thought it over. He has them, he has Sapnap and Dream. The two Americans had made it clear to him that They were His.

He watched a moth fly across the room, its movements so gentle it almost seemed to float until it swerved in between the open blinds and landed on the window. He should close the blinds.

That night had haunted him; the sight of Dream bouncing in Sapnap's lap looking absolutely debauched, green eyes looking hazy with lust, and not to mention those little whines that escaped swollen lips. George blushed almost angrily at even just the memory.

He knew they wanted him; the things they'd been doing to him, and the way they made him feel, were getting under his skin in an utterly maddening way. He huffed and crawled out from the safety of his covers.

He had grown too warm, he didn't want to think about whether or not his need to remove his shirt was down to his buzzing mind or simply just the Florida heat.

The moth caught his attention again when it started bumping back and forth between the blinds and the window. Dumb bug.



It was only a matter of time, he didn't doubt that. At least he hoped to god that it was only a matter of time, he wasn't sure how long their gentle touches were going to be bearable. He pushed the window open with a sigh of relief and released the moth from the confines of his room, it flew off towards the nearest street light.

His cheeks felt hot in contrast to the night breeze.  
Sapnap and Dream would be the death of him.

## Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry it's been such a long time since the last chapter :(  
i've seen everyone in the comments who has come back to tell me that they're still checking for updates and i thank you all for sticking around even after months, many of you gave me a little boost to almost upload multiple times but i never had something i could give you

but this time i do, so here's a chapter  
there is more to come, i still have more i want to write for this fic, and it will come

again  
thank you so so much for sticking around  
the support from all of you is honestly heartwarming and i'm sorry i left you hanging for so long

i hope this chapter was satisfactory, i'm a lil rusty aha oops

<3 ty xxxxx

## i'm scared

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sapnap had taken to sleeping in Dreams' room. To the extent that he wouldn't even bother going to his own room when they caved in the later hours of the evening, he would just walk straight to the blond's room and wrap himself up in His covers on His bed.

But Dream couldn't really complain, he would tease a bit in order to at least pretend that the younger man was an annoyance but they both knew he loved it.

He thrived on the accidental brushes of skin on skin as they shifted under the protection of the quilt, the deliberate touches that brought a smile to his lips.

Having Sapnap in his bed was a delight, not so much when he woke up drenched in sweat because the other had thrown his half of the quilt on top of Dream, effectively drowning him in layers, but nevertheless his company kept him satisfied.

So when George crept into the room one evening, Dreams' face lit up with an excitement he could barely contain. His lips quirked upwards with a brilliant smile directed at the hesitant brunet quietly stepping into his room.

When the third member of their party reappeared in the doorway, hair still damp even after being towel-dried and left spiking up in all directions, the same delighted grin that had been sported by Dream flashed across the noirets features.

George had silently slid into Dream's bed, pulling the covers up to his chin so that only his mop of dark hair could be seen in the mass of pillows and blankets. He peaked back at the Texan with a challenging gaze, daring him to comment on his sudden appearance as he nestled down into the still cool sheets.

But no comments came. And while Dream quickly changed into a shirt to sleep in, not minding the two pairs of eyes fixed on him, Sapnap slid into the bed beside the oldest, cooing quietly and being met with a quilt shoved over his head but the youngest's muffled laughter could still be heard and the smile George sported was wide and gleeful.

George was sitting up slightly, shoulders supported by the mass of pillows behind him. He was looking down at the sleeping blond who had curled up to his side, cheek pressed to the brits stomach while George carded his fingers through soft locks.

It felt late, but it also felt early. He couldn't tell.

In his sleep-dazed state, the Texan couldn't identify the look on the other's face. As his mind slowly woke up his eyes began adjusting and the blurriness of George's features dwindled into the unclouded picture of late-night contemplation.

Bright eyes masked by heavy lids watched the movement of his fingers, watched the gentle rise and fall of the younger man laying across him, arm curled around his waist as he hugged the brunet's smaller frame closer.

A saddened smile danced across chapped lips and Sapnap looked up at him with marvel.

"Can't sleep?"

He broke the silence, his voice sounding scratchy and rough.

He was answered with a small nod when the other glanced at him quickly, the brunet acknowledged his now conscious state with another one of those warm, slight smiles. The downcast air behind that tired quirk of the lips led Sapnap to wonder what was rattling around in George's defeatist mind.

The Noiret sighed, pushing himself up from where he'd been lying on his stomach, and sat up next to the brit, shoulders bumping together. Dream slept quietly, a small noise escaped parted lips as he felt the bed shift under him even while unconscious.

The pair looked down at him; he had talked to them of insomnia a few times, but right now with how soundly he was sleeping it seemed hard to believe.

They felt like ghosts, Sapnap thought to himself, lying awake like this at this time of night.

The world was asleep and it was quiet, the only sounds they dared make were the breaths they dared let out into the silence and when they felt really brave, quiet whispers shared only between the pair.

There were no street lights on this side of the house, no yellow lights imitating the sun, there was just the moon. And tonight the moon was full, its light was luminous and it crept into their room through the slits in the blinds like a secret presence daring itself to be seen.

There was no wind, there was no one else awake but one hushed car rolling down the street like it was an offense to be there.

Sapnap heard the engine fading away into the distance, nothing distracted him from it but the gentle breaths of the boy asleep below them and the whisper to his right. "I'm scared..."

George didn't look at him. The words fell from his lips in a murmur so soft the Noiret wasn't even sure he'd heard him. "What if I fall asleep, and... And I actually wake up, and find out this was all a dream." He spoke as if he was confessing.

Their legs brushed together under the covers, and Sapnap reached his hand out to sweep the hair out of Dream's face, his fingers skimming Georges as they both stroked through golden strands.

"I don't want to go back to the way things were." The brunet whispered.

The younger man kept his head bowed but his eyes looked up at the other, his features twisted into a gentle scowl, worry knitted his brows together.

"...You're not gonna wake up to a parallel universe, idiot."

His words caught the brit off guard, his frown seemed to ease up but deepen all at once. He pouted in concentration, his mind mulling over various ideas. Sapnap couldn't help but let his gaze wander, settling on George's bottom lip.

The brit gnawed at his lip, teeth biting at the reddened skin.

Sapnap leaned towards him, drawing his mind away from his thoughts long enough to press a tender kiss to George's lips.

The brunet's hand found its way to Sapnap's cheek, fingers brushing over the 3-day old stubble that curved around the youngest's jaw.

His eyes swirled with reflection, and George drew Sapnap back in for another kiss, lighter and barely even there. Their lips brushed as he leaned his forehead against the other. Another peck and George withdrew his hand, instead, it returned to blond locks.

A shuddering sigh broke from bitten lips, and Sapnap watched him in a way that felt like the whole world had faded away.

“D’you think there’s a universe where we...” George trailed off. His nimble fingers stopped their soothing strokes, hair wrapped around them loosely. Sapnap picked up for him, digits trailing through the blonds hair in search of the brits hand. “Don’t have this?” He filled in, another nod telling him he was right.

George looked back at him fleetingly as their fingers brushed over each other, locking together loosely on the older man’s chest. He had to tilt his head up to face the smiling Noiret. A soft look played on the other’s face. “Maybe. But it doesn’t matter, Gogs. In this universe, we’re together, and this is where we belong...”

He let go of his fingers, hand trailing up his chest to cup the older man’s cheek and at that George tore his eyes away from the sleeping boy, his gaze fixed on Sapnap.

Their lips pressed together once more, the Noiret cradled George’s face in his palms as he leaned down over him.

He could taste the mint toothpaste on his breath, his mouth pressed firmly against the Texans. Yearning tugged at his heart and he can’t help but smile into the kiss. He sees the redness of George’s cheeks, feels the warmth as he leans in to press sloppy kisses to the heated skin.

George squirms with restrained laughter but he can’t move with his face held by Sappnap’s hands, especially not when Dream moans in complaint at his wiggling. The blond tightens his grip around George’s waist and even with one asleep George thinks that these two boys will never let him go.

He already knew that Dream talked in his sleep but to hear him in person caught him off guard. Sapnap laughed at the way he twitched.

Eventually, the younger man fell asleep too, face nestled into George’s side along with Dream. He couldn’t have move if he wanted to, not with the way the other two had curled around him, their breath fanning across his chest, their legs intermingled. And George himself was too tired to complain. Too tired to worry anymore that night.

Soothing words had eased his racing mind and late-night kisses warmed his aching chest.

In the morning when George woke up he said that it felt like he’d woken up from a bad dream, and when Dream asked if he was alright he just grinned and Sapnap knew what he truly meant.

## Chapter End Notes

yo look at this shit being uploaded within a month of the last chapter! i think, lemme check...

heyyyyyy yeah! less than a month

okay so it kinda clicked this morning that 'oh shit' i started uploading this fic in late november 2020, which was almost a year ago... so...

i'm not saying we got deadline in mind but, we gonna try a thing and it's either gonna happen or it ain't

and by we, i mean me. i'm gonna try a thing. and it's not gonna happen lol

listen i'm gonna have a go, no promises

what d'you guys think my chances are of completing this fic before October 2021 lmao

:)

<3

thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed, this was a short one but i think it was sweet

## not at the moment

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sapnap liked the morning cartoons, George enjoyed hating on American television, and Dream just enjoyed taking it easy in the company of friends.

On the rare morning they were all awake and together, that would be how they spent their time; lazily lounging in the living room with obnoxious noises blasting from the television where some cartoon was displayed vibrantly on the screen.

It was another one of those days where they had no plans, which meant being awake in the morning did nothing for their productivity.

They had nothing to do, no need to pay attention to the time, no need to get dressed. Dream wasn't even sure that Sapnap wasn't wearing the same clothes from the day before.

The youngest man's eyes were glued to the television from where he sat hunched over on the couch, shoveling cereal into his mouth without a thought.

The contrast between the mindless chuckles and snorts from Sapnap, and the critical glances George shot in the direction of the television made it hard to believe they were watching the same show.

The sound of squeaky-voiced characters bounced around the room, breaking the morning silence. It was the time of day where noises sounded different. The time of day where the air was crisp, not yet warmed by the sun, and sounds didn't seem to merge together in that way they do when the day has been long, and everything sounds like a blur.

The overproduced babble didn't meld into the silence, far from it. It didn't even overwhelm it. The blasts of sound that both Sapnap and George were fixated on, although from completely different ends of the love or hate spectrum, seemed almost to sound out in a different world. A world that Dream wasn't a part of because his mind was elsewhere. In his world he couldn't hear the television, all he could hear were his thoughts.

“So George, you know what you mentioned the other day...”

“No.” The brunet clipped, not even bothering to look away from the television unless it was at his phone.

George had taken up residence in the soul armchair, he had stretched himself out sideways; his knees bent over the top of the armrest, dangling off the side, his back leaned against the armrest on the opposite side. Somehow he looked comfortable, it must have been his small frame, if Dream attempted that position he'd surely end up with a painful creak in his back. He could tease his friends for being short but the benefits were there right before his eyes, huddled comfortably in the plush armchair.

“About us reading together.”

Milk and cereal dribbled out of Sapnap's mouth in a burst as he cried out Dream's name in surprise, his mouth still full as he spoke. “Right now?”

A snort erupted from George while the blond scolded him for spilling milk on the couch.

George had been brushed off a few days prior when he hinted at the topic, but that didn't mean that it had been ignored.

All while grumbling, Sapnap unfolded himself from his crisscrossed position on the couch, placing his bowl on the coffee table and dashing off to the kitchen for some paper towels.

George watched the other as he ran, a quirked eyebrow and a smirk playing on his lips. He turned back to Dream slowly, giving the blond his full attention as if to imply: you were saying.

Until the Noiret came back, Dream avoided George's gaze with a sheepish look. The Brit delighted in that fact and grinned at him from across the room, his phone screen turned off and shoved deep in the pocket of his too-large sweatpants.

Despite the fact, he was the oldest you couldn't really tell, not when none of the clothes he wore were his own, and especially not when they dwarfed him the way they did.

Although Sapnap wasn't that much taller than George, he was definitely larger and so his sweatpants did nothing but hide the Brunet's slender legs, engulfing them in fabric. The same could be said for the grey hoodie he had stolen from Dream.

At least the clothes George had stolen were clean, he thought.

"Sapnap and I have sort of decided that it would be best if we held off on That for now..."

"By That, do you mean having sex." The brunet squinted at him. "And what made you both come to that conclusion." He queried with a small, mocking smile.

A noise of disagreement came from the Texan who settled back into the couch with his cereal in hand once more. "Just Dream actually." The blond in question glared.

"Okay, Look. Sap and I jumped right into it, and in the end, it caused us more trouble as a group than it was worth, yeah? You got hurt, we got hurt, everyone got hurt. It's maybe just better to give it time to make sure we're all on the same page."

It took George a while to respond to his reasons, clogs turned behind dark eyes as he mulled over Dream's words.

Sapnap between them, a peaceful look on his face while he quietly spooned another mound of cereal into his mouth.

The wet munching was stressing Dream out more than he'd like to admit, especially when paired with George's stare, but he kept that to himself.

"But you guys are fucking."

Sapnap groaned loudly, both heads snapped to him as he slid down further into the couch, his head engulfed in his hoodie. He held the spoon and bowl away from him and he banged his head against the back of the sofa.

It would almost be comical if it weren't for the fact that the Texan wasn't helping Dream's case.

He knew exactly what Sapnap was thinking; the conversation he had had with the younger man remained a clear memory. "Uh, not... Not at the moment, actually..." He supplied almost shyly, his gaze dancing around the room before settling on the kids show on the TV screen.

"Wait, so you guys aren't fucking," His features settled into a puzzled frown.

"Not at the moment, no."

"Not at the moment.' What the hell does that mean? I've both seen and heard you guys jumping

each other like rabbits. 'Not at the moment'... For fucks sake."

"What's made you grumpy all of a sudden, Gogs?" Sapnap imputed, shooting a sarcastic grin in Dream's direction.

"So you guys aren't fucking at the moment, for me?"

George frowned at him in confusion; and so he went on to explain that since the three of them had landed on a similar page, Dream and Sapnap had not been screwing around, much to Sapnap's complaint.

The night following their first kiss with George, Sapnap had come to Dream's room as he usually would. But from that point on, in the mind of the compulsive over-thinker, it didn't feel right to continue their late-night fumbblings, just the two of them. It felt like they were at a stage where so much hadn't been said yet, so much that needed to be said and until then the constant nagging feeling that someone was being left in the dark didn't dissipate.

Dream had put his feelings into words with much encouragement from Sapnap. The Noiret who wanted to understand why his offer to get on his knees was declined. And when the blond's reasoning got the better of, he begrudgingly agreed to go along with it for the time being.

However logical it seemed to Dream, wasn't the case for George. "So you don't want to fuck me, that's it?" He accused out of pent-up frustration.

"What? No!"

"Oh, I'd rail you right now but Dream has a lot of opinions." Sapnap mumbled, almost as if he weren't actually addressing George, instead just voicing a thought, his reluctance and dissatisfaction flaring out with a huff.

"The fuck, Sapnap!"

A groan erupted from the Floridian as he was faced with the two bad-tempered men he had entangled himself with, not entirely sure how to navigate this one and get his point across. But Sapnap's passing comment, although initially not appreciated, clicked something into place. George turned his vexed gaze to the youngest, the sternness of his features softening into an amused smile that he tried and failed to hold back.

A burst of quiet breathy laughs erupted from the brunet, "Oh my god." and Sapnap followed with a few chuckles of his own. The latter took pity on Dream and backed him up.

"At some point, we were gonna have a talk. Until then we didn't wanna start anything we hadn't discussed already." He received a nod in response from the brunet. "It's for the health of our relationship or whatever."

The Floridian frowned at the remark, "Hey, stop being a bitchnap." he answered with a stretch as he stood from the couch.

"You made me commit to abstinence!"

"Pfft. That must've been so difficult for you."

"It wasn't difficult, it was just annoying. Dream wouldn't even give me a quick handjob in the morning or anything." The youngest grimaced as if in pain at the memory of all the refusals. He wouldn't admit it but his pride was a little hurt by the number of feeble attempts he'd made to get anything out of Dream.



The older man cracked a smile, a memory coming back to him “A week in, he was so desperate that he jumped in the shower with me”

George rolled his eyes. “You’re so weak. It’s not that hard to go without sex.”

“Fuck off, you’re just saying that because you’ve been having a dry spell for like, 2 years.”

“...I hate you.”

“Would you be this bitter if you had a dick up your ass?”

## Chapter End Notes

okay so i really really like lore cause yk its great  
and the lore i love most is dsmp (obv) but then also the sims 2! cause the premade townies just have really really great stories and character relationships like the developers knocked it out of the park back in the day, i miss it

anyway my point is that like there the Broke family yeah? and what's really interesting is the Brandi Broke is this single mom whos husband died in "suspicious pool ladder circumstances" and yk i kinda get Dadza vibes, and on top of that the fandom decided Kristen is like the goddess of death or something right? i mean badass single parent trying their best with the dead partner who actually death cause why the hell not but then you have Dustin Broke (eldest teenage son) whos a bit of a rebel, hella angsty, ...works part-time as a criminal  
huh

it do be sounding like the dirty crime boy to me  
next up Beau Broke who's a toddler, now I don't have many points as to why Technoblade is this child but you gotta admit that toddlers are pretty destructive little beings! they say fuck the rules fuck the patriarchy fuck everyone, they're highkey mini anarchists...  
And then there's Brandi's unborn child and like, TommyInnit do be a foetus

anyway that thought took up a couple hours of my evening  
and its longer than my chapter lol

i have ideas about the dream team and quackity and karl as the Goths, the Caliente sisters, and Don Lothario too  
but that's for another time. i miss the sims 2

i hope you enjoyed this chapter  
thank you if you read through my jumble of words

more chapters to come, eventually :)

## you've been depriving me

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Please, Dream."

"What?"

"You know what I want. George mumbled, face ablaze. It's the same thing I've been trying to make you see for months."

Dream stared at the Brit who was sitting on the other end of the couch. "I don't know what you mean..." His brows drew together in confusion.

"I want you, Dream." George looked from his phone to spare the blond a brief glance, a small smile tugging at his lips before he quickly averted his eyes. "George stared at the taller man looking down on him expectantly. Just say something, please."

His mouth fell open in an o-shape as it clicked. "Are you reading fanfiction?"

A snort sounded from the other side of the room but Dream didn't pay the Texan any mind, not when George was reading to him.

"I can't pretend that this isn't what I've been feeling, I'm not sure if it's what you want to hear. But, if there's any chance, Dream."

"You're reading DreamNotFound fanfiction, that's it right?"

"You don't know what I'd give to be able to touch you, to really touch you." He muttered, his hand toying with the string of Dreams hoodie."

"George..."

"But Dream stayed silent, the look on his face puzzled, and as the moments went by George's heart began to sink."

"I think you should put that phone down, George." Dream muttered, somehow having found himself closer to George on the couch than he had been before. He reached a hand out to clasp at the brunet's wrist lightly.

The brit kept his head down, eyes darting back and forth over the screen as he spoke. "George bit his lip, stepping back from Dream in embarrassment."

Dream leaned in. "Now that's just not right..." He spoke, barely a whisper.

"But the taller man stopped him, grabbing him before he could get too far. And kissed him."

"That's better." The blond darted forward, intent upon getting his mouth on George's. He halted suddenly, a gasp shaking him, George's eyes snapped open at the sudden disturbance and he glanced up at the looming figure above them.

"Ah, ah, ah." Sappnap tutted, his hand entwining in Dreams' hair. He watched from above with delight as the blond's eyes darted sideways to glance up at him, before he tugged harshly, pulling the desperate man away from where he was leaning over George. "I don't think so, Dream."

“Sap...” Dream whined, staring up at the other as his hair was pulled taut, the pain forcing him to bare his neck to Sapnap. The noiret grinned down at him in turn, making sure Dream watched as he brought his other hand up to stroke at George's lightly flushed cheek. He smiled at the feeling of warmth under the pads of his fingers as he cupped the brits face, brown eyes that were filled with want and intriguing ideas snapped up to stare back at him, the desire to please shining through. The Texan's grin widened. “You really think after how you've been depriving me, that I'm just going to let you have your way with George first, huh? Baby boy.”

He quirked a brow as Dream whined, his Adam's apple bobbing strikingly due to the awkward angle at which he was being held back. “Sapnap, please. This isn't fair.”

He was met with silence accompanied by Sapnaps delighted gaze, with a shrug he tore his eyes away from the blond. He tilted George's face towards him and they met half way, the brunet's breath escaped him and he melted into the firm kiss.

This was so different from the gentle, tender kisses he had been accustomed to. He hadn't even noticed Dream's hand on his thigh until it gripped so tightly he whimpered.

George flushed with embarrassment.

The Noiret leaning over him pulled back with a small laugh but the older man chased after him, waiting with bated breath for plump lips to be back on his own.

Deft fingers curled into the short hair at the nape of George's neck and warm breath fanned over his collar. Sapnap licked at his lips, stroking his thumb across his cheek. A shiver ran through him when he felt wet kisses being peppered over his neck, and George opened his eyes to see that Sapnap had released his hold on the restrained blond.

He couldn't help himself, he was weak to their touch, pliant under their roaming hands and their careless kisses. He let out a low groan, his hand twisting into the soft cotton of Sapnaps shirt.

The thrill of getting what he'd been urging for was coursing through George's whole body like a fire, he was alight with want and his cheeks flushed with heat from the anticipation of what could come next.

The relief from having their hands on him had him keening, a small gasp escaped him and Sapnap ate it up. He leaned his knee on the edge of the couch, angling for better leverage, forcing the Brit back in the process, and opening him up for the pair.

His mouth opened for Sapnap to explore, every little whimper and gasp there for him to devour.

Dream gave a gratifying moan from where he was kneeling comfortably between George's spread legs, mouthing at his throat. It felt like he needed the taste of pale skin on his tongue more than he needed oxygen for his lungs.

He could never get bored of exploring the expanses of gradually exposed skin. Each new undiscovered inch was a blessing.

His hand rested on the brunet's hip, gripping tighter every so often as let himself be carried away, teeth brushing over unblemished skin. He relished in George's every noise, the gasps that Sapnap drew from his lips spurred the blond on. The smell of his aftershave flooded his mind.

His hand wandered, danced along the edge of George's waistband, and with restraint thrown to the wind he brushed over the bulge in his sweats.

The shiver didn't go unnoticed and so when his palming elicited a desperate groan from the brunet he was overcome with glee.

“Dream.” The blond shuddered at the commanding tone of Sapnaps voice. His gaze snapped to dark narrowed eyes that peered back at him knowingly, Dream smiled back sheepishly, pressing his cheek to George's chest, he could hear the older man's erratic heartbeat.

George shifted unhappily at the lack of attention but suddenly the three jumped away from each other at a sudden burst of noise. Dream knocked his forehead against George's chin, yelping in surprise as the other stumbled back, hand lifting to his face. Dream almost tumbled off the couch, saved only by Sapnaps arm that darted out quickly.

Their eyes snapped to the television that was blaring loudly, a soccer match lighting up the screen.

They stared at the match in disbelief, the shock from the change of pace freezing them all momentarily.

“I think George leaned on the remote.” Dream called out over the sound of the roaring soccer fans cheering on the match. The brit in question snorted with a roll of his eyes and pointed out that the Floridian was stating the obvious.

After a moment Sapnap darted forward, hands scrambling around between the other two on the couch in search of the remote before finally finding it tucked under Dreams calf. He hastily shut off the television, the screen going black and the sudden silence almost seemed daunting.

“Wait, I didn't get to see who was playing!”

Two unimpressed pairs of eyes turned to Dream.

“Dream. Seriously.”

“Oh my god, you're the worst.”

With an apologetic smile and a vaguely dismissive wave of his hand, the blond was on his feet.

“Okay, okay just give me 30 seconds.”

Sapnap and George glanced at each other, and silently the Texan held his hand out for the other to take and pulled him from the couch. An arm curled around his waist and George made his mind up then and there.

“We're going to your room, and if you're not there soon then I can't promise that I'll let you fuck me.” George announced, a small smile curling his lips, his eyes heavy-lidded. The Texan at his side let out a low whistle.

The threat ensured that Dream's head snapped towards them, his mouth hung agape and his eyes blown wide. His hands fumbled with the remote and with a bite of his lip he nodded.

“Personally I love the sound of that, let's go George.”

He didn't have a chance. The door stayed open behind them, and within a second George was being pushed up against the wall by a pair of strong hands on his shoulders. He stared up at Sapnap with wide eyes, but instead of pushing back as he knew he probably should, he found his knees growing just the tiniest bit weak.

One of the hands on George's shoulders, moved up to cup his cheek, moving softly to stroke over his face. And George just stared at him, mouth dropping open silently to breathe a little more shallowly, and waited for what would come next.

Before he could pull the necessary air into his lungs Sapnaps lips were on his and rough hands drew him closer. He shivered at the feeling of warm palms on his jaw, fingers brushing over the soft skin behind his ears.

George whispered the noiret's name between kisses, that one word serving as a desperate plea, hundreds of words hidden behind it. Sapnap chuckled, he brushed a strand of hair out of the older man's eyes.

Pent-up desperation thrummed in the air between them.

He pressed a kiss to George's parted lips, the Texans scruff scratched at his skin but he couldn't help but love it.

He slipped his knee between the brunet's increasingly unsteady legs, expecting to catch him off guard. Without a moment of hesitation, George began rubbing up against Sapnaps thigh, pulling their lips apart to moan in relief, his head falling back against the wall with a soft thud as he rolled his hips in search of that much-desired friction.

He hated how weather he was for this, how shamelessly he humped the younger man's thigh. But he couldn't find it in himself to pretend he didn't need this anymore.

Sapnaps cheeks turned aflame and he gawked at the barely shorter man in surprise. His audacious moans caught him off guard.

His gut twisted in desire at the thought of the noises he could elicit from the brunet. George wasn't one to shy away from what he wanted and his eagerness only served to heighten Sapnaps own burning need.

The Noiret let out a low groan and clenched his eyes shut, his forehead resting against Georges, as he let out a few shallow breaths. "Mmm. Bed."

He was answered with a compliant groan that faded into a whine as he pulled back, retracting his knee from between George's legs and depriving him once more. The brunet chased after the friction, his lips brushing over Sapnaps as he followed.

He let himself be dragged by the older man, delicate fingers hooked around the back of his neck, toying with the black locks. A laugh bubbled up his throat as the pair tumbled over, the bed being closer than they expected it to be.

The pair of them had waited so long for this. George, despite his attempts at feigning indifference, couldn't restrain his excitement at the idea of having his hands on one of the two.

The stifled frustration of having his desires unsated, his fantasies forced into silence and his attempts brushed off, left him with a degree of desperation he was almost too tired to deny. He had longed for this for too long.

The thrill of feeling Sapnaps hands on his hips had his head spinning, and he bit back a whine when he felt rough hands brush over his stomach. Tickling over soft flesh.

He tilted his head to the side to allow chapped lips to mouth at his neck. He felt stubble scratch at his skin. He knew it would leave a rash because he was pale and the skin there was too soft but he let out a satisfied sigh.

George couldn't care less.

Because this was Sapnap.

This was his dark-haired best friend who was equal to him in height, but broader, stronger, and he

loved the way his thighs were sturdy and they caged him in, could hold him down. He loved the hair that covered his chest, that decorated his arms.

Loved the lazy-eyed look and the easy smile he always seemed to wear when he was relaxed.

The gruffness of his accent in the morning when he'd just woken up and the bite of his words when they bickered back and forth, taunted him.

And George was finally here, with the younger man licking and biting at his collarbone, and he had his hand in the Noirets hair and he was tugging because, finally, he was touching him.

All he needed now was for Dream to walk through that door and he would have everything he wanted.

But that wasn't going to slow him down right now because George would be damned if he didn't stick to his words, and he was melting at the idea of having Sappnap inside him, large shoulders bracketing him in and pressing him into the mattress. A hand holding him by the back of his neck and pushing him down so hard that he could barely breathe, while the man behind him would fuck into him, hips rolling torturously slow.

A moan escaped him as his mind carried him into the future. So he tugged desperately at Sappnaps shirt, hands slipping under the soft material and grasping at the Texan's waist.

"Take this off already." George instructed.

He was met with a raised brow as the Noiret drew back a little to smile at him. "Who said you were in charge?" His hands settled behind George's neck, thumbs stroking at the column of his throat.

The brit inhaled sharply as Sappnap applied the tiniest of pressures on his pulse points.

His eyes turned to slits as he stared back at the Texan, his fingers wrapping around his wrists loosely in a semblance of defiance, but Sappnap knew there was promise there and he grinned down at the brunet under him. "You're gonna do as you're told. Aren't you, doll?"

The challenge hung in the air for a moment, the energy buzzing between them. "If you give me a reason to..." George whispered out.

And Sappnap pressed his thumbs down harder and slotted their mouths together just as the older man gasped.

The Texan was on top of him and George hadn't even noticed when he had spread his legs for him, but he wasn't going to complain when their hips were lined up perfectly and he could feel Sappnaps hardening prick frothing against him through their layers of clothes.

A rush ran through him, his head felt light and George swore for a moment he was floating but Sappnaps hands kept him grounded. The moment the younger man released him he felt a calmness wash over him.

And he was tugging at Sappnaps shirt again.

This time he was met with no argument and their clothes were quickly tugged over the heads, discarded somewhere to the side, and it was skin on skin and it felt glorious. Sappnap felt like life was being breathed into him with every graze.

"Oh- Holy fuck..."

Dream stood there, a nervous grin on his face and blushing up to his ears. A hand placed gently on

the doorframe as though he was preparing himself to either lean against it for support in the face of the things he might get to see, or obediently dash forward if, and only if, called upon.

“Get over here, baby boy.”

Shirts and sweats were lost on the way.

Sapnap rummaged around Dream's bedside drawer before he pulled out the bottle, a surprised sound escaping his lips. “We’ve almost finished the lube.” He tilted the bottle back and forth, watching the small amount of fluid slide wherever gravity took it.

“You’ve got a bottle upstairs, I’ll go get it.” The blond announced eagerly, before darting out of the room.

“...Not fucking but you got multiple bottles, huh?” George chided with a roll of his eyes, pushing himself up onto his elbows.

Sapnap looked back at him with an amused grin. George was such a brat compared to Dream's puppylike obedience.

A soft kiss and a murmur of kind words were enough to pacify the bitter brunet. Even though he knew he was being sweet-talked, George let himself be swept up by saccharine whispers and a welcoming embrace.

Giving playful touches in return.

The blond returned in a hurry, jogging through the door and rambling to himself, not sparing the two much of a glance. Lost in his train of thought, hoping to please.

“I grabbed the open bottle rather than a new one because I thought we-” The blond gasped in shock as his whole perspective of the room shifted in the blink of an eye.

Before he’d even finished his sentence he found himself flat on his back, the bottle of lube lost somewhere in the whirl of things.

Unfaltering lips were pressed firmly to his and without a moment of thought, he wound his fingers into black locks.

Sapnap had plans; he had an ache that needed to be soothed because Dream has been a stubborn bitch for weeks.

He had fallen in love with the soft touches and the warm hugs.

Loved the feeling of leaning on one of the others and feeling their arms wrapped around him, toying with his hair and stroking down his back.

Loved the weight of Dreams face in the palms of his hands when he cupped his cheeks, peppered his jaw and his nose and his forehead with gentle kisses, that he had to stand on his tiptoes to give the other.

Loved the feeling of George's fingers curling around his arms when he reached for the other’s waist, the way he stumbled in place with the secret thrill of being held close, of being kissed.

He was absolutely infatuated with the pair of them in every possible way, and now that he realised it, he had been for some time. He thrived on their closeness to him.

But he yearned for more than gentle affections and Dream knew it. He had satiated him with the relieving grip on his clothed prick, and a thigh to lean on for release on an occasional morning. But his mean kisses hadn't been drawn out enough, hadn't resulted in the spill of desperate cries that he longed for.

Sapnap had plans and an electrified smile curled at his lips.

A hand cupped Dream's cock through the thick material of his sweatpants causing his breath to stutter when Sapnap began kneading with purpose.

"Fuck." His voice cracked and he clenched his eyes tight, cheeks reddening as he expected a teasing jab from at least one of the two that never came. Instead, he was met with the brush of soft lips against his, George. The brunet cupped his cheeks in his hands and Dream just about melted, his jaw turned lax, and just like that the brit was licking into his mouth with a gentle firmness that was so clearly George.

Kissing Sapnap felt like entropy, it was madness and it was recklessness. He was presented with an equal challenge that he'd push and push to win, and just as he was beginning to think that he'd come out on top it was all pulled out from underneath him. And he found himself at Sapnap's mercy, hanging onto his every word and latching on as though his life depended on it.

Kissing George was grounding. It was like flying up to the heavens and it was the feeling of coming back down and planting your feet on the earth but having someone there to grasp your hands and make sure you don't lose your footing. It was the rush in your stomach that left you gasping for air, the moment you realised how fast you were flying and how you made it back to stillness safely.

He trailed kisses along his jaw and Dream felt a warmth well up inside him. The feeling of two pairs of hands on him, running up his sides and massaging at his cock.

An interested twitch turned into a semi embarrassing quickly.

The shameful wanks couldn't even begin to cover what it felt like to be utterly encompassed by Sapnap and George. No amount of erotica would ever compensate for soft hands tugging down his collar to kiss at tanned skin, for the relief of that came from a sturdy grip slipping between the fabric of his pants and brushing against the hair at the base of his cock.

This was bliss.

A face pressed itself to George's back, mouthing over the bumps of his spine. A shudder ran through him caused by Sapnap's hand on his side, tickling at sensitive skin.

"I think you should suck his dick."

The brunet paused, a smile tugging at his lips. "Is that a suggestion or an instruction?"

Sapnap pinched the skin along the curve of George's neck between his teeth, smoothing over it with a tender peck. "Dream, baby, undress for us." He murmured to the blond while pressing his cheek to the oldest man's shoulder.

His order was met with a quick nod and obedience. The pair pulled back enough to give him room to strip himself, his shirt joined the rest on the floor, his hands curled around the waistline of his



sweats.

He looked up for a nod of approval before he slid out of his pants as well in one fluid motion.

He lay bare beneath the pair of them, his breath catching in his throat under their stare. Sapnap and George still pressed together, looked down on him causing an excited shudder to travel through him.

The brit ignored Sapnap's knowing chuckles behind him, the bastard knew damn well what he was doing; to have Dream laid out in front of him like this, sun-kissed skin dotted in freckles and toned muscle all over. He might as well have been putty in his hands.

Pretty green eyes stared back at him.

Nervous but excited energy radiating off of him in waves, anticipating his next instruction, ready to please in any way he could.

Fuck, he was gorgeous.

George's gaze trailed down to his prick; flushed and firm, practically begging for his mouth. A sigh of approval escaped parted lips, he licked them in anticipation.

He shared a breath look with the Noiret who smiled back at him with full awareness of George's wants. Curse him.

He caved and leaned over Dream once more, a look in his eye that the taller man didn't have time to decipher before they were kissing again. Their bare chests pressed together and it was only then that the possibilities seemed to dawn on George.

He tentatively tore their lips apart. Lingering kisses trailed down his chest, over his beating heart, down his ribs.

The brunet indulged himself, nuzzling at the hair that led from the tanned man's navel down to the heat of his firm prick.

Their hands laced together, the suspense would damn near kill him.

George nosed at the base of Dream's cock. The blond could have cried at how pretty he looked; half-lidded eyes with lashes fanning over flushed cheeks, nose nudging at short curls, spit licked lips skimming against him teasingly.

"George-" He began only to be shushed.

Dark eyes looked up at him with a mean smile. He wet his lips.

It started slow; small licks and flicks teased the head of his cock. Dream uttered a gasp as the brit tongued at a ridge, holding him firmly in his hand.

Dream was melting. His mind lost track of everything around him except the sublime sensation of the warm heat around his prick. He let himself be lulled, guided towards bliss.

The sheets were soft on his skin when he brushed the pads of his fingers over the cotton.

The noiret watched from the side, gaze lingering on the parting of Dream's lips, satisfied whines breaking free.

“So gorgeous isn’t he.” Sapnap purred. “Huh, isn’t he, baby boy?” He coaxed, a gentle hand brushing over Dreams cheek, a demanding glint in his eye.

“Y-yeah.”

“He’s being so good to you…”

“So good-” He gasped at a particularly harsh swirl of George's tongue. “He’s so good to me.”

The noiret hummed, stroking his fingers over the taller man's neck, watching as he melted under his touch, as he whimpered under George's mouth. “Do you deserve it?”

Dreams gaze tore away from George, a beat of worry settling in his chest. “What?”

“Are you close, baby?”

A vindictive smile was met with a panicked silence. Dreams grasp in George's hair tightened and the brunet tugged on his wrist hotly, eliciting a hiss from the blond when blunt nails dug in too harshly. He released his hold on brown strands, a string of apologies on his tongue.

Sapnap's hand returned to his face, the soft touches turned harsh and he gripped at the Floridian's jaw, yanking his gaze towards him.

“Baby boy, are you close?”

Dream inhaled sharply. “Yeah- Yes.” He breathed out, his eyes glazed over.

George's grip on the base of the younger man's prick tightened just as he licked viciously at the tip, tongue curling over the slit. He chased the sweet taste that landed on his tongue. A sharp cry tore itself from Dream’s throat.

“George! Please, fuck, please!”

The Texan drew away, a satisfaction filling him.

“Stop.” The command went unheard until a gruff hand tugged at George's hair firmly and with a whine the brunet pulled back per the Texans demands, “Make him cum on himself.” and with a last swirl of his tongue around the tip, garnering a sob from Dream, George pulled himself up.

A wave of pitiful pleas seemingly fell on death ears but the brunet’s grip remained.

He tightened his grip and fisted Dream’s prick roughly, as it throbbed in his hand he leaned forward to capture that last hitch of breath before the blond melted under him and spilled over his hand and across his tensed abdomen.

Their lips parted with a quiet whine from the blond when he pried gently at George's hand that still gripped at him too tightly. A sigh of contentment escaped him as he slipped into bliss.

George allowed himself to be guided to the side so that Sapnap could take his place between long legs that lay spread. Dream’s breath hitched once more as he lay back in anticipation, waiting to see what the Texan had in store for him so soon after his climax.

Sapnap spared neither of them a glance, so the pair were left to watch as Sapnap's fingers reached out to trace over the bliss-filled man's stomach, his chest still heaving in the aftermath of his pleasure. He gently drew swirls across the soft skin, sticky with fresh spunk that he collected on his tips.

The Noiret remained serene as he tilted his head in silence, he seemed so enraptured George couldn’t help but hold his breath. The brunet sat back on his knees, watching with just as much

intrigue. He could taste the subtle sweetness of Dreams precum on his lips and he couldn't help but feel miffed that the younger man hadn't let him have more of a taste.

Finally, Sapnap looked up and caught the blond's eye. A smile of excitement tugged at his lips and he collected a smooth dollop on his fingers.

He barely had time to turn to the other and give his instructions, "George-" before the Brit deftly wrapped his fingers around Sapnap's wrist and tugged the shining digits into his mouth. Dream let out a groan at the sight of George's lips wrapped around the Noirets finger, sucking desperately and still pink from when they'd been on his cock.

Wide eyes stared back at the Texan who grinned in delight, his eyes gleamed as he stroked his fingers over George's tongue, pressing down roughly but the Brit didn't complain. Instead, he let out a low hum, he sucked Sapnap's finger clean.

"Well Dream, who knew George was such a cumslut."

George huffed in retaliation but the final sweep of his tongue over Sapnap's intruding fingers left no room for denial.

Sapnap coated his fingers in Dream's spunk once again, the smooth liquid already cooling on his skin. This time he held it out of reach from the older man, a teasing grin playing on his lips as he was met with a glare.

"George, I want you to kneel over Dream."

And again he complied, George settled in the only place he had room, between Dreams spread legs and tentatively set his hand down on the Floridians lightly tanned torso. He grumbled to himself at the reminder of how much taller the younger man was, that he couldn't even place his hands on either side of the other head without having to lay his whole length against him.

Sapnap's eyes remained bright, a delighted grin playing on his lips as he found himself back behind George with the brunet's arse presented before him. He grasped at firm muscle, pulling apart his cheeks so he could brush his cum covered finger against his hole, circling the rim.

Once the brunet relaxed he gently pushed the stickiness inside him, a single cum coated finger. George gasped as a shudder ran down his spine. It was so dirty.

He hummed softly, closing his eyes as he eased into the sensation of the pleasant stretch.

When the spunk started to be spread too thin he shifted in discomfort but the Texan was quick to add more, relishing in how pliant his partner was being.

A comforting hand stroked over his hip and another stroked over his knuckles comfortingly.

With the third finger, Sapnap had to add lube, but he was satisfied nonetheless.

George was melting from the inside out. His dick ached from being untouched but the fingers inside him rendered him limp. The mixture of lube and cum coated him, broad fingers spreading inside him and stretching him just so. And then he hit that spot.

"Ah, shit! Sap-"

"Right there, doll?" He stroked his fingers again, reaching deeper.

Dark eyes lit up and he gargled out a moan. George pressed his face to Dream's stomach, his mouth hung open, panting hot air onto toned skin. "Yes. Yes, there- fuck!"

The Texan hummed, “You like that George? Like being fucked open with Dreams cum?” he punctuated his words with a twist of his fingers, the brit whining under him in response. His fingers dug into Dreams' sides.

“Slut.” The Noiret hissed. George groaned and he began rocking his hips back onto Sapnaps fingers, chasing the feeling of ungodly pressure against that ball of nerves

He retracted his fingers, watched them slide out of the petite man so easily along with excess lube and cum that started to seep out. George made a noise of complaint as the air felt cold, leaving him to feel bare and empty.

Dream drew himself up to press his lips against Georges, distracting the other while the two became oblivious to the sound of a bottle clicking open behind them.

Their lips moved together in tandem and the brunet drew a contented sigh from the blond below him.

A jolt of excitement shot through George when Sapnap pressed up behind him. He could feel the younger man's hard prick rubbing against him, sliding between his cheeks.

Sapnap brushed his head over his hole. His hand held onto George's hip tightly to stop the man under him from pushing back, the head of his cock catching on his rim.

A sharp inhale. “Sapnap- Please.”

And he was met with silence.

Purely because he wanted to annoy the older man, he tapped the head of his prick up against his ass, trying to draw out a reaction from the man.

The brunet's patience was this close to boiling over. He was this close to begging, a fact he would keep to himself when at last Sapnap pushed into him. George released a sigh of relief, the burning need inside him satiated.

He relished the feel of Sapnaps cock inside him, slowly sliding in and filling him up.

The comforting hand on his back resumed its soothing motions when he winced a little.

Soon Sapnap was thrusting into him shallowly, taking his time while the older man adjusted to the welcome intrusion. Just as George was readying himself to complain, to demand more, he was thrown off balance.

With a sharp cry, he was knocked forward, falling against Dream's abdomen.

“Sorry baby,” The git behind him chuckled. “Was that too much for you?”

George huffed as he pushed himself up onto his hands again. He locked eyes with Dream who smiled back at him. The blond clearly delighted at seeing the brunet be subjected to the youngest's teasing instead of himself.

The brit wouldn't be having any of that, so he pushed back on Sapnaps cock. Daring him to go harder. The noiret pressed himself forward to deepen his strokes. His thrusts were erratic as he groped bruisingly at the soft flesh of George's waist, steadying the slender man.

A groan burst through the eldest man the moment pressure landed on his prostate.

“There.” He rasped out. “Again, again. There.” It was like a mantra.

Dream watched with pained want as gargled gasps fell from George's lips. His pleas were

acknowledged.

“Look at him, doll.” Sapnaps hand grabbed at George's chin, forcing him to look up, to look up at Dream.

The blond's eyes went wide as he was stared down by his partners, both pairs of eyes on him at once.

“Look how desperate he is for you...” Sapnap sneered, staring back at him with a mocking smile. His fingers curled sharply into George's cheeks, causing the other to groan at the sensation of scratches across his pale skin. “Bet he can't decide whether he wants you on him or in you.”

It didn't take long for Dream's prick to start stirring again, his arousal had already got the better of him.

How could it not when Sapnap had orchestrated such a brilliant display for him.

He couldn't reach the brunet, no matter how much he wanted to press his lips to Georges, to have the brunet's taste on his mouth once more.

All he could do was stare, and watch in awe at George's fucked out expression; his cheeks burned a bright red, dark strands of hair clung to his forehead, his eyes clenched shut, and his mouth hung open. God, Dream couldn't take his eyes off that mouth, he could feel hot breaths fanning over his bare chest. Every thrust from the noiret behind pushed him closer and closer to the edge.

The blond whimpered at the feeling of George's nails digging into his side, blunt edges scraping over his ribs as torment.

The pitiful noise snapped him back into alertness, a sharp glint sparked in George's eyes at Sapnaps words, and the moment the latter had released his grip on the brunet he sunk his head down again. His lips brushed over the taller man's heaving chest, finding a pert nipple and licking over it. Just as Dream started to get comfortable with the soothing sensation, arching his back up into George's mouth as the swirl of his tongue left him feeling lightheaded, the Brit grazed his teeth on the tender bud, tugging harshly.

A sharp cry erupted from the blond, his hands tugging firmly at short strands.

“Play nice, doll.”

George grunted as he was chastised with a rough thrust that stunned him, sparks shooting up his spine as the head of Sapnaps prick brushed over that one spot.

He was desperate for friction but Sapnaps grip on his hips was unrelenting.

The Texan's hands dug into the soft skin in the crease between his hip and his thigh, tight enough to leave purpling indents, preventing him from slumping down and rubbing up against Dream.

The latter finally having caved and reached out to touch George now that the noiret behind him was too distracted, his pelvis rammed into him ruthlessly.

His cock hung heavily between his legs, leaking onto Dream's hardened prick below him.

The Floridian was starting to get antsy. He wanted more, needed more friction. George's teasing touches weren't enough.

The mean bites only served to rile him up more. He let out a pathetic whimper, and his desperation didn't go unnoticed by Sapnap. The noiret gave him a lazy smile, his eyes were barely open as he gasped breathlessly from the effort of keeping up his rhythm.

He took pity and leaned down over George's arched back, blowing hot air against the brit's ear until he shuddered. “Pull his hair...”

George pulled his head up from where he'd had his face pressed to the taller man's chest, mouthing at the skin and coating him in small bites and bruises; and again without a moment of hesitation, he slid his hands up from Dream's ribs to entwine in his hair.

One experimental tug elicited an enticing whimper as he gnawed on his lips. With the second tug, George gave no quarter, and Dream cried out the brunet's name. His scalp ached from his partner's tight grip and a quiver traveled down his spine, settling in his prick.

Sapnap groaned to himself, shifting his hand to the base of George's spine, fingers spreading over the curve of his back.

The sight of the pair below him was giving him such a high; George's tightness clenching around him, his hips rocking back against him to meet him on every thrust. The wide awestruck look in Dream's eyes as his gaze darted between Sapnap and the brunet. The pleading whimpers he garnered from the blond every time he grasped at his thigh.

He lost himself in the feeling of it all, the heat and the rushing blood in his ears.

He loosened his grip on the brit and as soon as George realised he snapped his hips down, relishing the feel of Dream under him, his cock pressed against his own.

He blinked, thrashing his head to clear the sting of sweat from his eyes, Sapnap's thrusts landed just so; the world blurred to colour, and Sapnap's indecipherable muttering against his neck rang in his ear like a prayer. He spilled with a cry, sharp and shrill, and George's hand tightened in its already harsh pulls, dragging a cry from Dream's lips. Just when George thought he could take no more, shuddering and too tender, he felt Sapnap jolt and tense, and the warm mess spilled inside him.

Dream bucked up desperately, chasing the small amount of friction George and Sapnap's weight above him would allow.

Soft lips skimmed over his neck, settling at the base of his throat where teasing teeth bit harshly. The spark of pain drifted towards pleasure, spurring on his yearning for release. He rolled his hips, again and again, rubbing up into George's hip with the older man's cum serving to ease his hasty movements.

With a cruel tug to his hair he whimpered out a cry, his face pressed to George's scalp, breathing in the other's scent. And his hips stuttered to a stop as he came a second time.

A gentle hand was brushing through his hair, deft fingers combing through damp locks. Dream sighed in contentment, grasping George closer and encircling his arms around the smaller man's waist.

A chuckle above him urged his eyes open just in time to catch the sight of Sapnap leaning back down to press a kiss to his forehead.

The noiret smiled lazily down at the pair as he stroked his hand down the blond's cheek, his thumb brushing over burning skin.

"All good baby boy?" He hummed, his fingers pausing on the Floridian's bitten lips, split open from abuse. He was met with a soft kiss to his palm. The softness behind Dream's eyes gave away just how blissed out he was.

And so Sapnap pressed a quick kiss to his cheek, stroking his hand down George's back as he pulled away.

"Are you gonna go clean up?" Dream muttered.

The noiret nodded. "Want a towel?"

“Yes please.”

As he drew himself away Sapanap couldn't help but stroke his hand over George's hips before cupping the roundness of his ass; the brunet having not moved an inch from between Dreams legs since he'd finished.

He was too pretty for his own good; pale skin and petite frame, dark eyes, and pink lips. The picture of sweetness. Of course, George was more than that and his attitude wouldn't let either of them forget that.

Sapanap squeezed teasingly and snickered out a tired laugh when a hand came back to smack him away.

Once he'd stepped away, George groaned and drew his eyes open. “You okay baby?” Dream asked. He stared back at the Floridian foggily.

“Mhm.”

George pulled himself up, using his shaky arms as leverage against Dream's chest. He stared down at Dream for a moment, a breathy smile tugging at his lips, his labored inhales finally starting to slow and he brought a hand up to brush his sweat-soaked hair out of his eyes.

For a moment he looked like he was going to stand up from the bed, his head turned towards the bathroom door where Sapanap had disappeared, but the idea was short-lived, and instead, he toppled over onto his side besides Dream.

“Nevermind...” He muttered with a sigh.

Dream smiled warmly as he watched the other's eyes flutter shut tiredly, knocked out by the intensity of it all. He couldn't help but reach out and run his fingers over George's arm; grazing over his knuckles and tracing up to his shoulder, following the curve of his waist and settling on the indent of his hip.

He gazed at the purpling dots left by Sapanaps harsh grip, pale skin blooming in a myriad of rose and lilac.

A small hiss escaped the older when Dreams touch danced a little too heartily. The blond muttered a quiet apology, whispers lost in the silence.

Careful steps padded back into the room and Dream locked eyes with Sapanap, he smiled gratefully when a warm, damp towel was handed to him and he sat up in bed to clean himself off.

He watched silently as Sapanap pressed his mouth to the soft skin behind George's ear, placing delicate kisses to his neck and distracting him with soft words as he toweled down the more sensitive areas, the places that had seen most abuse.

Regardless of how careful their rowdy counterpart was being, George complained nevertheless.

Dream snickered at the whiny groans.

“He's gonna make you pay.” The blond whispered.

“I'll happily let him.” The younger snickers, garnering a huff from the older of the two. “Not in the way you think dumbass.”

He was met with silence. Sapanap opted instead to settle behind George, cuddling up to him. A hand reached out to Dream, tugging him closer until the blond was laying on his side, his chest pressed to the brunets and sandwiching him against Sapanap.

Dream was just on the verge of drifting off when a quick kiss was pressed gently to his lips. “Love

you both.” George whispered.

## Chapter End Notes

aha hi

someone said they assumed this fic wasn't gonna be updated again and i resent that lol  
so here's some of my spite, its juicy  
k bye <3

## End Notes

Any thoughts are genuinely appreciated!

I'm trying my gosh darn hardest here but maybe I'm not doing everything quite right, let me know!

Also if you read all this, thank you! :))

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [sitting pretty in the prime of life](#) by Anonymous

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!